



HELPER & SIENKIEWICZ

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THE SHADOW™



SHADOWS & LIGHT • Part 6

- GUTSIDERS #27:**
A brainwashing treatment propels the group into the post-apocalyptic future of the Atomic Knights. By Mike W. Barr and Erik Larsen.
- VIGILANTE #49:**
The fate of the Homeless Avenger and the lead-in to the most mind-shattering anniversary issue ever! By Paul Kupperberg, Steve Erwin and Jack Torrance.
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In the hopes of having a brighter future, Swamp Thing recreates past horrors! By Rick Veitch and Alfredo Alcala.
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Raven explores and examines her love for another Titan. By Marv Wolfman, Ed Barreto and Romeo Tanghal.
- SHADOW #6:**
The climactic conclusion to "Shadows and Light" as the Shadow and his operatives face off against Light's followers! By Andrew Helfer and Bill Sienkiewicz.
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The Peacemaker returns in a four-part tale of international intrigue! By Paul Kupperberg, Tod Smith and Pablo Marcos.
- QUESTION #12:**
The man-child who shot The Question returns, and they're both hip-deep in toxic waste! By Denny O'Neil, Denys Cowan and Rick Magyar.
- DOC SAVAGE #3:**
Doc's men face death at the hands of a Nazi madman. Will help come from a planet a million light-years away? By Denny O'Neil, Adam Kubert and Andy Kubert.
- WASTELAND #2:**
The controversy continues with three more journeys into internal terror. By John Ostrander, Del Close, David Lloyd, William Messner-Loebs, Donald Simpson and Bruce Patterson.
- THE SAGA OF RA'S AL GHUL #1:**
Beginning a four-issue Deluxe Format reprint of the original Ra's al Ghul stories—the Batman's greatest nemesis! By Denny O'Neil, Bob Brown, Neal Adams and Dick Giordano with a wraparound cover by Jerry Bingham.

MEANWHILE...

BY DICK GIORDANO

There was a time when people thought fan opinion didn't count for much. I recently spent some time with a group of people who could tell you differently—and how.

Remember those write-in campaigns fans mounted in order to bring *Star Trek* back in the sixties? It took a long time and a lot of begging and pleading and finger-crossing, but *Star Trek* came back all right . . . as a motion picture. And then another, and another and . . . well, you get the idea. All that attention made the folks at Paramount realize they had something important and powerful on their hands. Something that meant a great deal to a lot of people. A lot of fans.

So, believe it or not, years later comes "Star Trek: The Next Generation." I mean "years later" in more ways than one. It's set some 78 years after the time of Kirk, Spock, Scotty and the rest of the original Enterprise crew.

But there's a brand-new Enterprise (says NCC-1701D on the ship . . . it's a grand old name and number, after all). Best of all, I got to see it, as part of a tour I took in order to finalize the deal on our own ST: THE NEXT GENERATION comic book series. That's right, Commander D.G. aboard the Enterprise, thanks to Andy Probert, the show's chief set designer.

I've never exactly been a real big science-fiction or *Star Trek* fan, until I saw the sets and what went into their construction.

Understand, these guys weren't just recreating the bridge, the sick bay, and all the other locations you've come to know. They pretty much started from scratch, since the philosophy of this show is a mite different. This time, whole families are journeying "where no man has gone before," so we'll not only see how the principals interact with one another, but with their kin as well. It's the first of what they're calling a "galaxy class" of starship, meant to house an entire community. They're all out there exploring the unknown, but they'll be dealing with community problems, too. Not hard to see the analogy to our own predicament, so look for a lot of the kinds of stories that made the first series great.

I learned all that—and a little Hollywood-type secret. Sets are built to about only 90% actual human scale. That's to make the actors look slightly bigger in their surroundings. Gives 'em more presence.

I could tell you all about the new show . . . stuff like the new Captain, played by Patrick Stewart, formerly of the Royal Shakespeare Company. He's been in *Dune* and about a few million episodes of *Masterpiece Theatre*. Or the new char-

acters like Data, the android; Deanna, the empath; or La Forge, a blind man who can "see" with special goggles (played by LeVar Burton of *Roots*). Or that the effects are going to be done by no less than Industrial Light and Magic. Or that, by the time of ST: TNG (as the memos around here call it), the Klingons have joined the Federation. (When the Klingons are ticked about something now, do they pound a shoe on the conference table? Or worse?)

But you're going to hear plenty about all of that from other sources.

What I can let you in on right away is the lowdown on our version of the show!

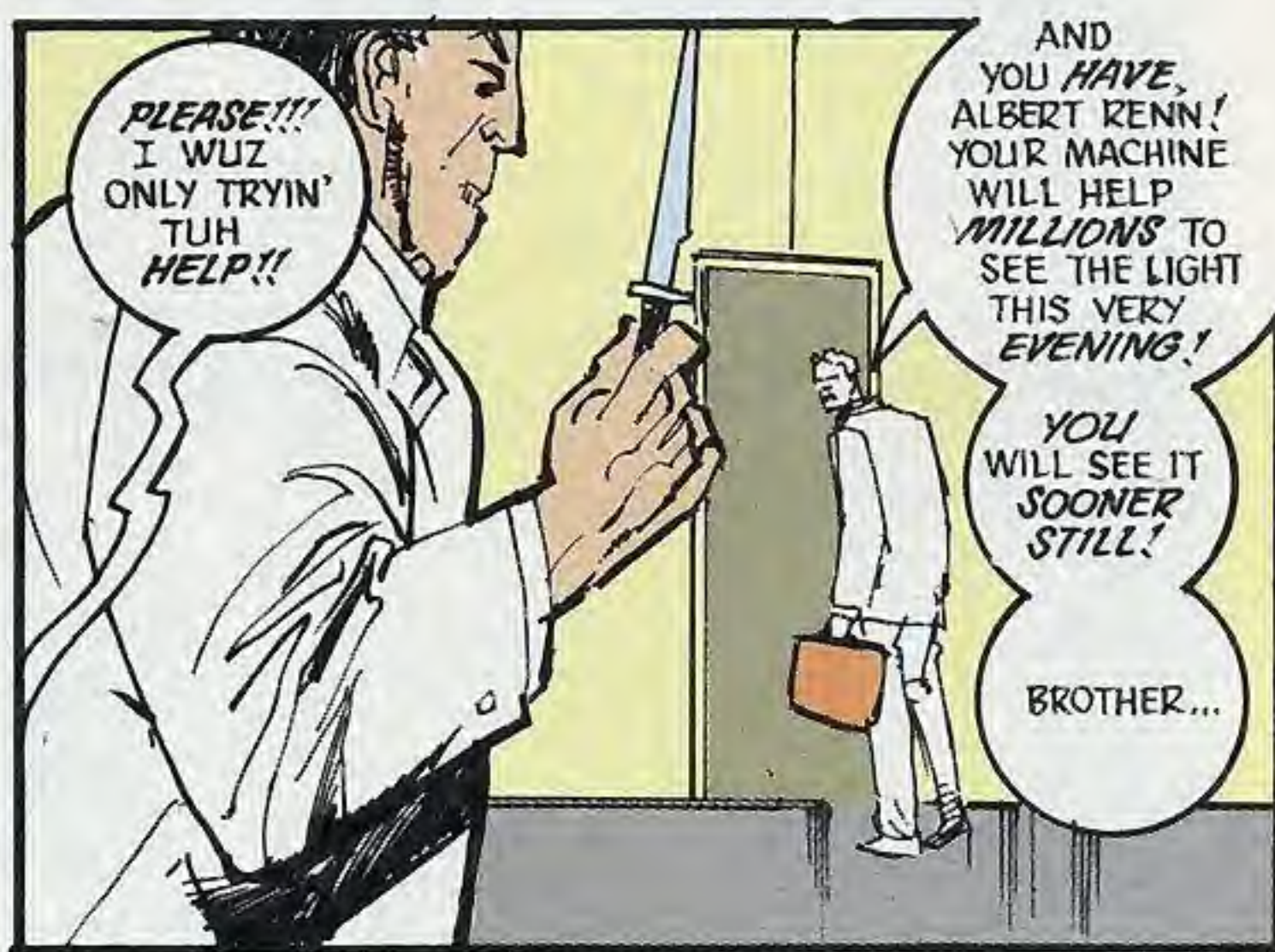
The DC rendition of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION will be a 6-issue mini-series, coming out in late November, to sort of coincide with the show's premiere the month before. The scripts are by SUPERMAN editor Mike Carlin, and the team of Pablo Marcos and Carlos Garzon will be handling the art. The first issue will be hard to miss on the stands: it'll be sporting a painted cover by Bill Sienkiewicz.

I ought to make this clear. These are going to be all new stories. They're not adaptations, so you won't be re-reading the same stories you've been watching (or taping). And editor Bob Greenberger is working very closely with Paramount to make sure we don't contradict anything that's on those shows, continuity-wise.

And we're making this effort for the same reason Paramount made *its* efforts to bring *Star Trek* back in the first place: to let the fans who've kept that flame going all these years know that we take them very seriously.

Once those six issues are over, who knows? Your response might keep DC's version of the Enterprise aloft. Because, after all, we all know that no cancellation is "final" . . . when it comes to the "final frontier."

Thank you and good afternoon.



SHADOWS AND LIGHT: *THE FINAL CHAPTER--*

PASSION PLAY

PRESENTED WITH RELIANT ZEAL BY

HELTER
STORY

+ SENKIEWICZ
PICTURES

+ LAYMAN
LETTERS

+ LEWIS
COLORS

+ CARLIN
SCRIPT





LENN...
WHAT YOU...?

LORDY...
SHORE AM
GLAD TUN...
SEE...
Y-GRUB.



CONNER--
QUIT DAWKING
AND CLEAR THOSE
DAWN CIVILIANS
OFF THE
STREET--

MAX--
TAKE
A GANDER
AT
THAT--

THE PUNK'S
EYES--THEY'VE
BEEN CUT--
SAME M.O. AS THE
CELESTIGON
MURDERS
WE'VE BEEN
INVESTIGATING!

OUR
NUMBER ONE
SUSPECT
MUST BE
IN THERE!



THAT'S
NICE,
SIR...

WHAT?!

MAX--YOU
IMPERTINENT
GAF--

--GET IN THERE
FOR A LOOK-SEE
BEFORE I HAVE YOUR
ASS BUSTED
DOWN TO--



????

????



HE'S
RIGHT, MAX...
THAT JAB'S A
FAIRLY
IMPERTINENT
REMARK...

COULDN'T
HELP IT,
TWITCH...
HE GETS ME
SO DAMNED
STEAMED...

THINK HE'LL
REMEMBER
IT?

NOT A CHANCE.

THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT...WELL,
BETTER PACK
THEM UP...



YOU KNOW,
I BELIEVE WE SHOULD
GET MR. KENN TO A
DOCTOR. HE APPEARS
RATHER POKED
TO ME...

LATER, TWITCH--
DA ARSETER WANTS
T'SEE DIS PUNK--
SO LET'S GET
GOIN'!

YAY!

A U.N. CEREMONY TO HONOR HUMANITARIAN OF THE YEAR GENG KING LED TO UNEXPLAINABLE CHAOS TODAY, WHEN U.N. DELEGATES WENT TOTALLY MAD FOR A PERIOD OF TEN MINUTES...



AT MR. KING'S REQUEST, THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SESSION WAS CLOSED TO REPORTERS, BUT STAFF ARTISTS PRODUCED THESE SKETCHES FROM EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS...

POLICE ARE STILL TRYING TO UNRAVEL THE BIZARRE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT BEGAN WITH THE DELEGATES ATTACKING ONE ANOTHER...



...AND CLIMAXED IN AN ATTACK ON MR. KING HIMSELF. ALTHOUGH THE HYSTERIA SUBSIDED SCANT SECONDS BEFORE MR. KING WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAIN...

...MR. KING'S ARM WAS SEVERED DURING THE OPENING MINUTES OF THE INCIDENT. BOTH THE ARM, AND THE ATTACHE CASE CONNECTED TO IT, WERE TAKEN BY THIS MAN...



...AND POLICE HAVE LAUNCHED A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR HIM, IN THE BELIEF THAT HE IS IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ENTIRE INCIDENT.

ALTHOUGH IN SHOCK, MR. KING IS EXPECTED TO SURVIVE HIS ORDEAL, BUT SINCE HIS ARM HAS NOT YET BEEN RECOVERED, THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE THAT IT CAN BE RE-ATTACHED...



AT LAST COUNT, POLICE HAVE RECEIVED CALLS FROM 56 KNOWN TERRORIST GROUPS, EACH CLAIMING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE --

CLICK

ODD. KHAN SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE ASSAULT-- AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD SIMPLY SWITCHED OFF THE MADNESS.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS, MASTER. THE MEDIA REPORTS NOTHING OF YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THOSE EVENTS...

BUT NEITHER DO THEY SUSPECT SHIWAN KHAN OF ANY WRONG-DOING...

WOULD THAT THEY KNEW THE ENTIRE DEBACLE WAS ALL HIS PLAN...AND THAT THE DEVICE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS LIMITED SUCCESS IS STILL AT LARGE...



PERHAPS A SPOT OF GREEN TEA, SIR...?

NO, DOCTOR. I DID NOT SUMMON YOU TO BE MY MANSERVANT.

GET YOUR BAG-- WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR OTHER SKILLS...





THE ATTACHE?

NO SIGN OF IT-- HE WAS BABBLING ABOUT GIVING IT TO SOMEONE-- JUST BEFORE HE PASSED OUT...



THAT IS GOOD... LAY HIM RIGHT DOWN ON THE TABLE...

CAREFULLY... HE MUST BE IN GREAT PAIN...

I DUNNO 'BOUT THAT... LOOKS UNCONSCIOUS T'ME...

IN SHOCK, MORE LIKELY. THE MIND CAN ONLY ENDURE SO MUCH BEFORE SHUTTING ITSELF OFF...



WAKE HIM UP. I MUST SPEAK WITH HIM.

BUT MASTER-- IT WOULD BE AS IF TO TORTURE HIM--

DOCTOR, I HAVE NO TIME TO INDULGE YOUR ADHERENCE TO HIPPOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

EACH MOMENT THAT ATTACHE CASE REMAINS UNRECOVERED INCREASES ITS CHANCES OF BEING USED YET AGAIN.



APPLY A LOCAL ANESTHETIC... IF YOU MUST...

BUT SINCE I CANNOT HYPNOTIZE THE BLIND, I SHALL NEED HIS MIND TO BE CLEAR... FOR MY INTERROGATION...



MAVIS... I WILL HAVE NEED OF THE HOVER CAR. ASK LORELEI IF SHE HAS CONTACTED MY SONS YET...

ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, MASTER. THEY SAID THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY--

"-- BUT YOU KNOW THOSE KIDS..."

BROTHER, THIS VEHICLE IS MOST RIGHTEOUS!

PERHAPS IF WE WAIT HERE FOR ITS OWNER, WE MAY TRADE IT FOR THE HOVERCRAFT!



HSU-TEI! FATHER WOULD BE FURIOUS!

BESIDES-- WE ARE ALREADY RUNNING LATE!

HEY! W-WHO'RE
YOU FOLKS? Y'AIN'T
WIT' REV'RUND LIGHT
OR NOTHIN',
ARE YUH??

NO, NO,
ALBERT-- YOU'RE
WITH FRIENDS..
I THINK...

LEN?
I-IZZAT YOU?
WHY'S EVUHTHIN'
SO... DARK--

ALBERT--
LISTEN CAREFULLY--
THERE'S A MAN HERE--
HE'S GOT SOME
QUESTIONS...

UHH...
IF I WERE YOU,
AL-OLD-PAL--
I'D SERIOUSLY CONSIDER
SPILLING MY GUTS--

W-WHY NOT--
AIN'T GOT NUTHIN'
T'HIDE NO MORE...
NOT SINCE
EVUHTHIN' WENT
ROTTEN...

HIDDEN IT?
I AIN'T GOT IT A'TALL!
I JES' GAVE IT TUH
MISTUH LIGHT--AH THOT
HE COULD'A USED IT
FUR HIS WORK!

TELL ME ABOUT THE
TRANSMITTER, RENN--
WHERE HAVE YOU
HIDDEN IT?

HECK-- HE GOT
QUITE A WAY WIT'
WORDS ALL BY HISSELF--
MAH NOO-RAL FREQUENCY
MODIFIER WOULD'A
GIVEN FOLKS THAT
LI'L EXTRA
PUSH--

--JES'
TA HELP 'EM
SWING AROUND
T'HIS WAY O'
THINKIN'--
OW!

DON'T
TOUCH.

BUT IF THE DEVICE'S
MIND-CONTROLLING
CAPABILITIES ARE SO
PERSUASIVE-- WHY
DIDN'T THE DELEGATES
KILL SHIWAN KHAN?

IF THE SIGNAL INDUCED
THEIR MADNESS-- WHAT
STOPPED THEIR RAMPAGE?

WAAL, Y'SEE, THUH
NOO-RAL FREQUENCY
SIGNAL COMES INTA
TH' BRAIN JES LAHK
SOUND OR
LIGHT--

--BUT
MAH SIGNAL
LATCHES ONTA
SPECIAL PARTS
O' THE BRAIN--AND
STIRS 'EM UP LAHK
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!
MAKE A MAN DO
THE DARN CRAZIEST
THINGS!

AN' THERE AIN'T
NUTHIN' T'STOP 'EM
FROM KEEPIN' ON
DOIN' IT--

--TILL
THEY FINISH
DOIN' THE THIN'
THE SIGNAL TOLE 'EM
T'DO--OR YUH SEND
A NULL PULSE
THROUGH THE
TRANSMITTER
TUH CANCEL
THUH FIRST
SIGNAL.

THAT'S WHUT AH DID
AFTER AH TOOK MAH
MACHINE BACK FROM
MISTUH KING--I JES'
COULDN'T BEAR THUH
IDEA OF THEM
PEACE-LOVIN' FOLKS
BEATIN' EACH OTHER'S
BRAINS IN...

GUESS AH
DID IT
TOO SOON,
HUH?

...SPECIALLY
IF THEY DID IT
AFTER
THEY BEAT
MISTUH KING'S
BRAINS IN!



NO DOUBT, BUT I AM STILL **UNCERTAIN** ABOUT THE MACHINE'S ABILITY TO **BROADCAST** ITS **SIGNALS** ON A **MASS SCALE**, WITHOUT AN **ANTENNA**--

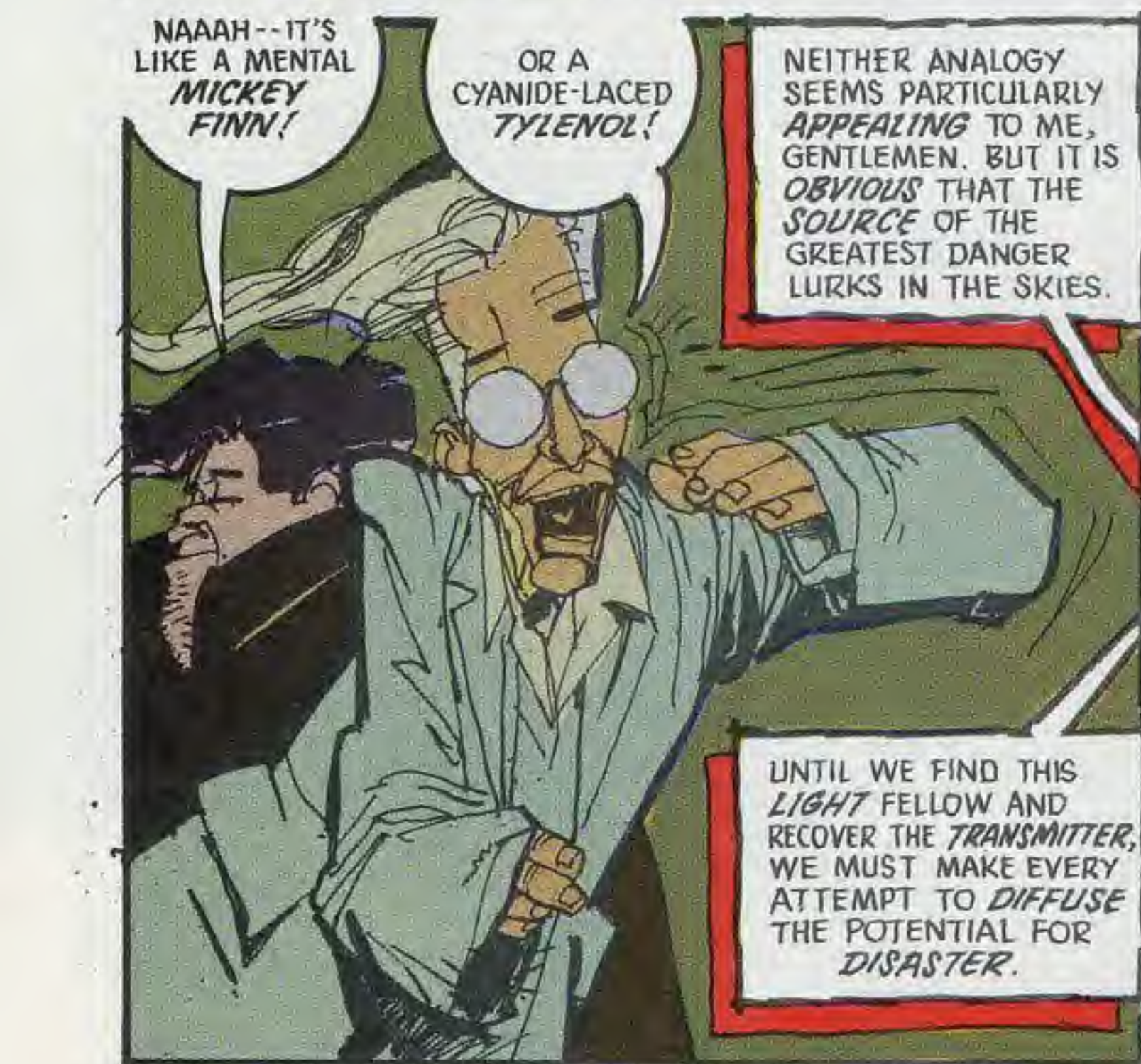
HECK! MISTUH KING DI'N'T NEED NO **ANTENNA**-- HE JES' LAUNCHED HISSELF A **SATELLITE** OFF'N THE **ROOF** UFFIN HIS **BOSTON OFFICE** T'OTHER DAY!



THAT'S IT, THEN! THE **SATELLITE** RECEIVES THE **COMMANDS** FROM THE **PORTABLE UNIT**, AND THEN **FEEDS** THE **DERANGE-O-SIGNAL** INTO THE **BROADCAST FREQUENCIES** OF **OTHER SATELLITES**!

IT'S SO **SIMPLE**! KHAN'S **SATELLITE** JUST **SLIPS** THE **SPECIAL NEURAL SUBLIMINAL SIGNAL** RIGHT ON TOP OF AN **ORDINARY TELEVISION SIGNAL**-- AND IT GETS **PAINLESSLY DELIVERED** INTO THE **HOMES OF AMERICA**!

UH... AM I BEING TOO **TECHNICAL** FOR YOU GUYS?



NAAA--IT'S LIKE A **MENTAL MICKEY FINN**!

OR A **CYANIDE-LACED TYLENOL**!

NEITHER ANALOGY SEEMS PARTICULARLY **APPEALING** TO ME, GENTLEMEN. BUT IT IS **OBVIOUS** THAT THE **SOURCE** OF THE **GREATEST DANGER** LURKS IN THE **SKIES**.

UNTIL WE FIND THIS **LIGHT FELLOW** AND RECOVER THE **TRANSMITTER**, WE MUST MAKE EVERY ATTEMPT TO **DIFFUSE** THE **POTENTIAL FOR DISASTER**.



YOU SEEM TO BE **QUITE KNOWLEDGEABLE** ON THE SUBJECT, MR. **GOGGIN**. ANY IDEA ON HOW TO GET THIS **SATELLITE** OUT OF THE PICTURE?

YOU'RE ASKING ME!

I MEAN--THE **SHADOW**, ASKING **LEONARD GOGGIN**?

WOW-- I MEAN--**YEAH**! THERE'S GOTTA BE A **CONTROL ROOM** IN THE BUILDING THEY **LAUNCHED** THAT **SATELLITE** FROM--

--GET US TO IT, AND ME 'N' AL CAN **KNOCK** THAT **BABY** OUT OF THE **SKY**!



GOOD. MAYIS--ARRANGE A **TRIP** TO THE **NISSETCO BUILDING** FOR **LEONARD** AND MR. **RENN**. THE REST OF YOU WILL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR **THE LIGHT**--

HEY!!



FATHER! WE FOUND THIS MAN **OUTSIDE**!

WITH HIS **EAR** TO THE **DOOR**!

MR. **SHADOW**-- LOOK NO **FURTHER**! I'VE GOT MYSELF A **DEEP PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP** WITH THAT **SLEEZEBAG** YOU CALL **THE LIGHT**--

--AN' IT'D BE MY **PERSONAL PLEASURE** TO PUT HIS **NECK** RIGHT ON YOUR **PERSONAL CHOPPING BLOCK**!

I THINK IT WAS THE **CHURCH**, SIR. BURNING IT DOWN WAS NOT A GOOD IDEA. THE FACT THAT THERE WERE 35 PEOPLE INSIDE AT THE TIME MADE IT A BIT WORSE.

THAT WAS PROBABLY WHY CHIEF MARX SUSPENDED YOU. DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, SIR?

THIS MAY COME AS A SHOCK, MAX-- BUT I'M NO **SPRING CHICKEN!** BUT I'M TELLING YOU-- I'M **RIGHT** ON THIS ONE! THERE IS SOMETHING GOING ON-- SOMETHING **BIG**...

...IF I COULD JUST **CONCENTRATE** LONG ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!

IT'S FAIRLY **SIMPLE**, SIR. IN ALL THE CRUCIFIXION SERIAL MURDERS WE'VE INVESTIGATED, THE VICTIMS HAVE HAD THEIR **EYELIDS REMOVED**.

IN AN UNRELATED CASE, WE PURSUED A SUSPECT FROM THE U.N. TO A CHURCH IN THE **BOWERY**. WHEN WE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE AN ARREST, THE CHURCH CAUGHT FIRE--

--AND THE SUSPECT EMERGED WITH HIS EYELIDS SLIT. WE WERE OVERCOME BY SMOKE...

...THE SUSPECT ESCAPED...

...AND HERE WE ARE.

BUT THERE'S **ONE THING** MISSING, MAX-- THE **ATTACHE CASE**!

THAT **PUNK** RAN INTO THE CHURCH WITH MR. KING'S **ATTACHE**-- AND CAME OUT **EMPTY-HANDED!** OUR BOYS DIDN'T FIND IT-- WHICH MEANS **SOMEONE ELSE** ESCAPED WITH IT--

--THE SAME PERSON WHO **SLICED** OUR SUSPECT'S EYES!

MAX-- THOSE **PHOTOS** OF THE **SCENE**-- WHERE DID YOU PUT--

RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, SIR.

HMM... LOOK AT THIS, MAX... THIS **POSTER** HERE-- SOME KIND OF **REVIVAL**... AT THE GARDEN-- TONIGHT... AND THE **NAME** OF THE CHURCH...

LIGHT... **RADIANCE**... **EYELIDS**... **BAKING** IN THE SUN--

OF COURSE! ALL THE REFERENCES TO **LIGHT**-- ALL THE **CONNECTIONS** FIT!

MAX-- OUR **KILLER** IS **STILL LOOSE**-- **THANK GOD!!**

HE'LL BE AT THIS **REVIVAL** TONIGHT-- I **KNOW** IT--AND I'M **STAKING EVERYTHING** ON IT!

HE'LL BE THERE-- AND **WE'LL** BE THERE... IN **FORCE!**

BY GUM! I'VE DONE IT **AGAIN!!**



WELL,
DEAR FRIENDS...
IT'S TIME FOR US
TO ARRIVE AT OUR...
DECISION...

YOU
ALREADY *KNOW*
THE LIGHT'S *ULTIMATUM*--
TRANSFER CONTROL OF
OUR RESPECTIVE
ORGANIZATIONS TO
HIM-- OR FACE
EXPOSURE--

'FHAUGHN--
THAT'S THE *FIRST*
I'VE HEARD OF
THAT ONE,
FILCH!!

WHY
IN *HELL*
YOU WAIT
TILL *NOW*
T'ELL
ME??



WELL, ORTHO--
WE *INVITED* YOU
TO OUR *LAST* MEETING--
BUT YOU COULDN'T
ATTEND. SEEMED YOU'D
LOCKED YOURSELF UP
IN A *FALLOUT*
SHELTER...

YEAH...
HELLUVA
FUNDRAISING
TECHNIQUE,
ORTHO!

DON'T *KNOCK* IT,
BOYO-- WORKS
EVERY TIME!



PLEASE...
ENOUGH OF THIS--
THERE'S *MUCH*
AT STAKE HERE--
TO *ALL* OF US...

WELL, I SAY WE
TELL THIS LIGHT FELLA
TO *SCREW OFF*-- I
CAN HANDLE ANYTHING
HE TOSSES
AT *ME!*

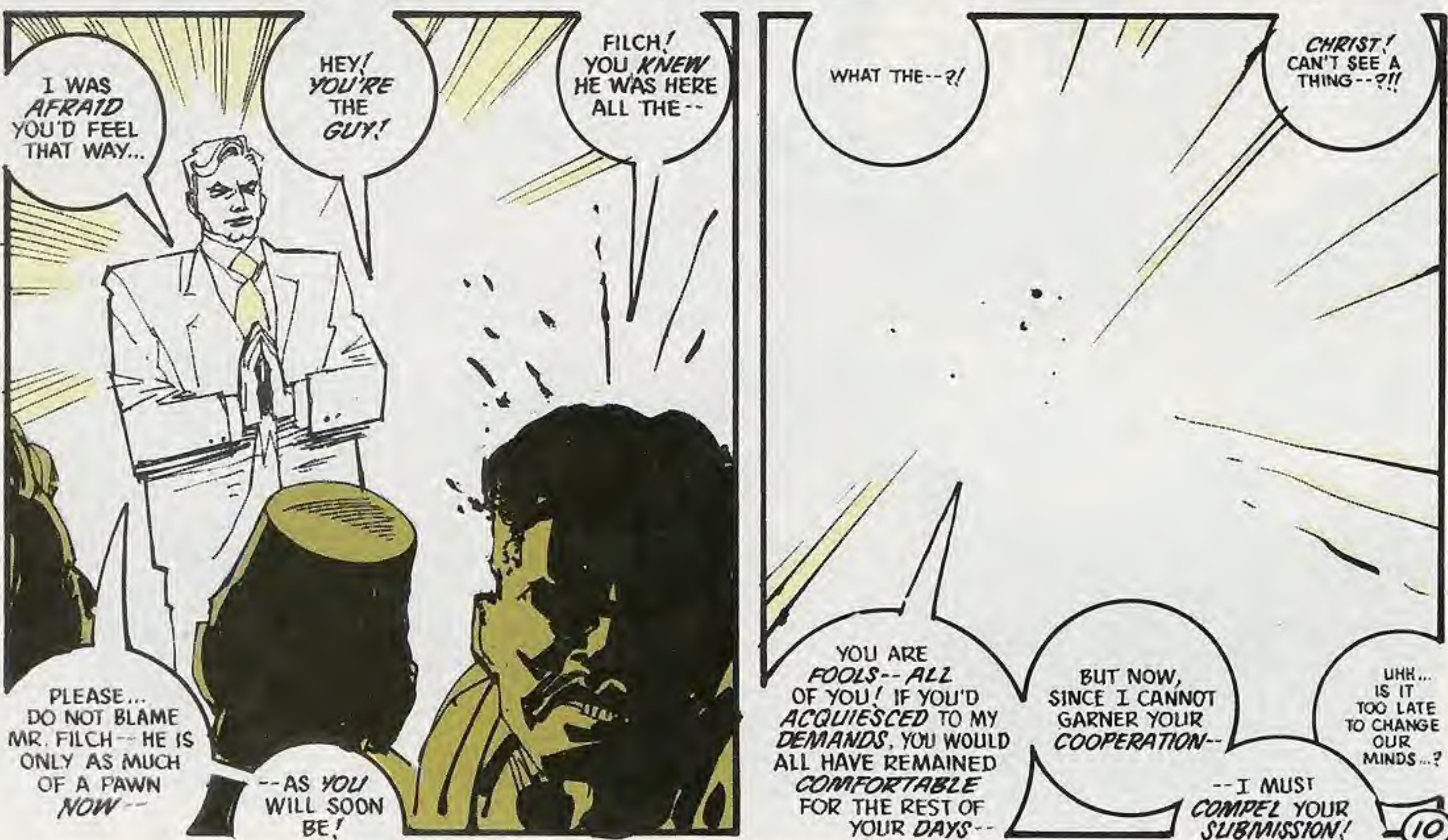
I SECOND
CLAUDE'S SENTIMENTS--
MY CONGREGATION
WILL REMAIN BY ME
AS I WEATHER THIS
STORM--



WELL, IT
LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE *AGREED*
ON THIS ONE,
FILCH--

NEXT TIME
YOU GET A VISIT
FROM REVEREND
LIGHT--

--TELL HIM
TO GO OUT AND
BUY AIR TIME
LIKE THE *REST*
OF *US!*



I WAS
AFRAID
YOU'D FEEL
THAT WAY...

HEY!
YOU'RE
THE
GUY!

FILCH!
YOU *KNEW*
HE WAS HERE
ALL THE--

WHAT THE--?!

CHRIST!
CAN'T SEE A
THING--?!!

PLEASE...
DO NOT BLAME
MR. FILCH-- HE IS
ONLY AS MUCH
OF A FAWN
NOW--

--AS YOU
WILL SOON
BE!

YOU ARE
FOOLS-- *ALL*
OF YOU! IF YOU'D
ACQUIESCED TO MY
DEMANDS, YOU WOULD
ALL HAVE REMAINED
COMFORTABLE
FOR THE REST OF
YOUR DAYS--

BUT NOW,
SINCE I CANNOT
GARNER YOUR
COOPERATION--

--I MUST
COMPEL YOUR
SUBMISSION!

UHH...
IS IT
TOO LATE
TO CHANGE
OUR
MINDS...?



INDEED...
IT IS
FAR TOO LATE
FOR ANYTHING--
BUT
ILLUMINATION!!

HEAR ME *WELL*,
FALSE PROPHETS:
YOU WILL *RETURN* TO
YOUR RESPECTIVE STUDIOS
AND ADVISE
YOUR TECHNICIANS
TO PICK UP AND CARRY
THIS EVENING'S
TGLJ CLUB
BROADCAST...

AFTER THAT,
YOU WILL
RETURN *HERE*
AND ACCOMPANY ME
TO *MADISON SQUARE
GARDEN*-- WHERE
MY GREAT *CRUSADE*
SHALL BEGIN
TO--



WHICH ONE
IS HE, MISTER
JIMMY BOB?



THERE--
THE *VARMINT*
IN *WHITE*!
GET 'IM BEFORE
HE STARTS UP
WITH HIS--

TOO LATE,
JIMMY BOB!
THE LIGHT *SURGES*
THROUGH ME AGAIN--
AND *WITH IT*,
ANY MIND IS
*MINE TO
CONTROL*!

PERHAPS
THAT IS
HOW IT IS
WITH
WESTERNERS,
SIR--

--BUT WE ARE
*SONS OF A
PALADIN OF
SHAMBALA*--
AND OUR MINDS
HAVE BEEN
TRAINED--

--TO
RESIST
ALL--

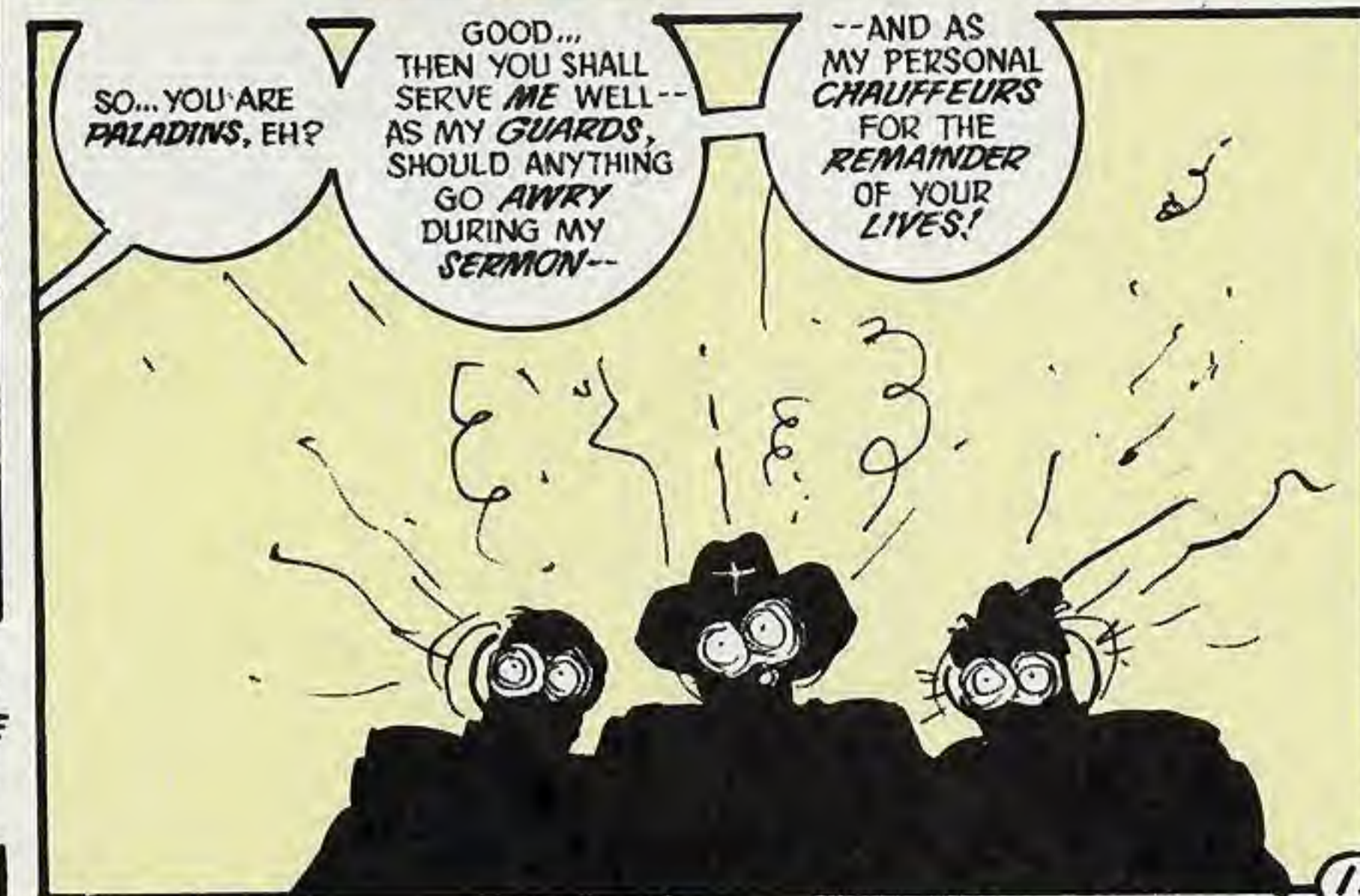
--ALL--

--INFLUENCE....

SO... YOU ARE
PALADINS, EH?

GOOD...
THEN YOU SHALL
SERVE *ME* WELL--
AS MY *GUARDS*,
SHOULD ANYTHING
GO *AWRY*
DURING MY
SERMON--

--AND AS
MY PERSONAL
CHAUFFEURS
FOR THE
REMAINDER
OF YOUR
LIVES!



OH, YEAH--
WE'RE MAKIN'
GOOD TIME!
WHATTA
AUTO-MOBILE!!

JUST EASE UP,
DEWITT--WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO BE
STOPPED FOR
SPEEDING--

WHADDAYA
WORRIED ABOUT,
ELTON--I BORROWED
THE MASTER'S
RADAR DEFLECTOR--

--WE'RE
PRACTICALLY
INVISIBLE!

WE ALMOST
THERE,
LEN?

JUST A COUPLE
MINUTES MORE,
AL-- HOW YOU
HOLDING UP?

A-AHM
OKEE-DOKEE,
AH GUESS...

B-BUT AH'M SORELY
ASHAMED A'WHUT AH DONE...
GOIN' 'ROUND LAHK A DURN
FOOL. JES' 'BOUT GIVIN'
MAH INVENTION TUH
ENNYONE WHO'D ASK...

HECK, LEN...
AH DONE MADE
SOME MIGHTY POW'FUL
MISTAKES
THE LAST FEW
MONTHS...

...AH JES'
HOPE WE C'N
CO-RECT 'EM
A'FORE IT'S
TOO LATE...

YEAH, SURE, AL--
YOU JUST TAKE IT EASY--
GOTTA SAVE UP YOUR
ENERGY-- THE SHADOW
AN' HIS BUDDIES ARE
DEPENDING ON YOU...

2540
MORRISON DRIVE--
DIS MUST BE DA
PLACE...THOUGH I
CAN'T SAY I
UNNERSTAN'
WHY...

SIMPLE,
MR. PEREZ! IF
WE WANNA GET
INTO NISSETCO HQ,
WE'RE GONNA
NEED ONE HECKUVA
BACK DOOR
TO DO IT...

YOU SURE
THIS IS
THE GUY,
ALBERT?

WAAL,
WE'LL BE
FINDIN' OUT
SOON ENUF...



AL-- AL RENN? JEEZ--
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN
YEARS! NOT SINCE...
UH... M.I.T., IT WAS!

GOSH, AL-- YOU
LOOK TERRIBLE!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU AND
YOUR--? SORRY,
AL-- BUT THAT
WOULD BE AGAINST
REGULATIONS, AND I--

'TAIN'T IMPORTANT,
LARRY. ME AN' MUH
FRIENDS NEED TUH
GET INTO NISSETCO--
AH THOT YOU COULD
HELP...



-- COULD
VERY EASILY
BE TALKED INTO
IGNORING
EVERY ONE
OF THEM...



LOOKIT, ELTON! ALL THEM NISSETCO FLAGS AT HALF-MAST-- LIKE THE WHOLE COMPANY WAS IN MOURNING!

HMM... WELL, DEWITT-- IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THE C.E.O. GETS HIS ARM RIPPED OFF...

I GUESS NOT...

IF YOU FOLKS DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY--

--I'VE GOT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF HOME REPAIRS TO DO TODAY--

SORRY-- LEAD THE WAY--



HELLO. DUFFY...

THESE MEN ARE...UH...WITH THE MAINFRAME SUPPLIER-- I'LL BE...UMM... OVERSEEING THEIR WORK TODAY--

NO REST FOR THE WEARY, EH, LARRY? GO'WAN AHEAD...

HEY LARR--

--PRETTY *AWFUL* WHAT HAPPENED TO MISTER KING, EH? WHY, IF I EVER GOT MY HANDS ON THE *PUNK* THAT DID IT TO HIM, I'D--



--TEAR THE SUNUVAGUN'S EYES OUT...

RIGHT THROUGH THESE DOORS, GENTLEMEN--



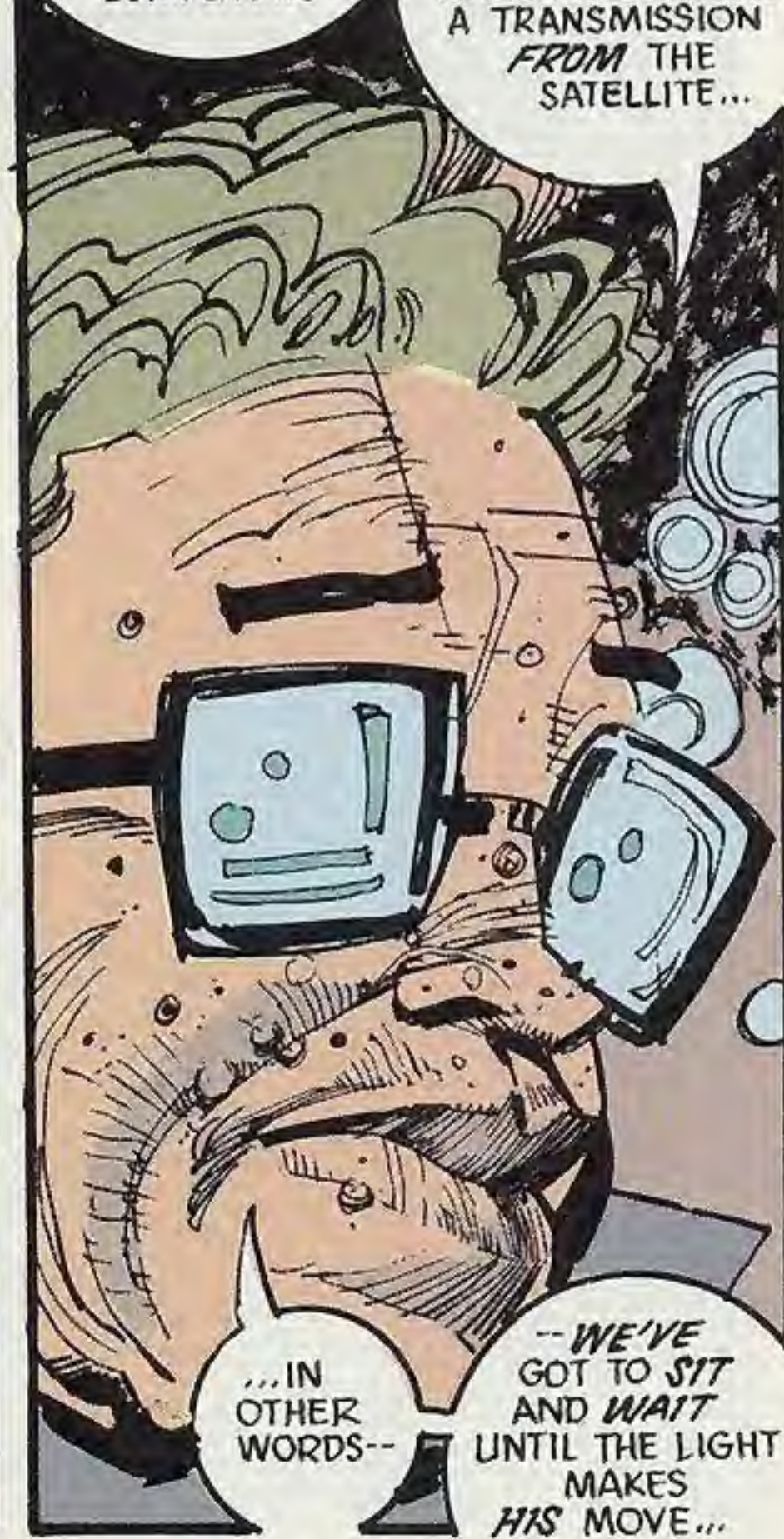
WOW. WHAT A SET-UP!

COME ON, LEN--THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE--

UH... I THINK WE'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM HERE, MR. BUTTERFIELD--

--THESE PANELS CONTROL A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT NISSETCO SATELLITES AND COMPLUTERS--

--THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN TELL WHICH CONTROLS OUR SATELLITE WITHOUT RECEIVING A TRANSMISSION FROM THE SATELLITE...



...IN OTHER WORDS--

--WE'VE GOT TO SIT AND WAIT UNTIL THE LIGHT MAKES HIS MOVE...



SUN'S
GOING
DOWN...

MAVIS--
ANY WORD
FROM
OUR TEAMS
YET?

UH...WE JUST RECEIVED
A STATUS REPORT FROM
ELTON AND DEWITT --
SEEMS THE NISSETCO
COMMAND CENTER IS A
BIT *OVER THE HEADS*
OF OUR RESIDENT
TECHNOCRATS--

-- THEY SAY
THEY'LL NEED
HOURS
TO FIGURE OUT
WHICH
SET OF CONTROLS
OPERATES THE
SATELLITE--

--WHICH MEANS
THEY HAVE
FAILED.



NO MATTER.
IF CHING YAO
OR HSU-TEI
CAN *ABDUCT*
THE *LIGHT*--

UH...NOTHING
ON THEM EITHER,
MASTER -- WE LOST
CONTACT WITH
YOUR KIDS AND
JIMMY BOB
ABOUT AN HOUR
AGO...

DON'T
KNOW WHY
YOU TRUSTED A
HIGH-PROFILE JOB
LIKE *THAT*
TO *THEM*--
THEY'RE JUST
CHILDREN--



--MY CHILDREN, MAVIS.
ONE DAY THEY WILL BE
THE *HEIRS* TO MY
LEGACY. AS SUCH, THEY
MUST PROVE THEMSELVES
WORTHY OF IT-- OR
SUFFER THE
CONSEQUENCES OF
FAILURE,

KIND
OF LIKE
ON-THE-JOB
TRAINING,
HUH...?

IN A
MANNER
OF
SPEAKING.

STILL, WE MUST
NOW ASSUME
THE *WORST* HAS
COME TO PASS.



ACCORDING TO THE
PREACHER, JEDIDIAH FILCH
WILL SURRENDER CONTROL
OF HIS T.G.I.J. CLUB TO
THE LIGHT DURING A
MASS MEETING IN
MADISON SQUARE
GARDEN THIS EVENING...

...IT IS TIME FOR US TO
PUT OUR FINAL
CONTINGENCY PLAN
INTO PLAY...

FINE
BY ME--I'D
BETTER CALL
LORELEI AND
ORDER UP
SOME
AGENTS--

NO. I HAVE ALREADY
INFORMED MY *ELITE*
AGENTS OF THEIR PARTS
IN THE OPERATION...



TWITCHKOWITZ--?



UH...
YES, MASTER--?

TIME FOR US
TO GO...



HARRY VINCENT!

YES, MARGO, MY LOVE--?

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS *INSANITY*! RISKING YOUR LIFE-- FOR *WHAT*?!

A MADMAN IN A BLACK CAPE? A FEW CHEAP THRILLS? A CHANCE TO *REGRESS* TO YOUR CHILDHOOD?



HMM... I SHOULD SAY A COMBINATION OF THE THREE...

HARRY-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GO OUT TO DINNER!

A NICE, QUIET PLACE-- THERE'S THIS FRENCH RESTAURANT IN WESTCHESTER-- LAMONT AND I USED TO FREQUENT IT, BACK BEFORE HE--



MARGO, MY DEAR-- HAVE YOU SEEN MY TRUSS?

NORMALLY, I DON'T BOTHER... BUT WITH THIS EVENING'S MISSION--WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW...

HARRY... HAVE YOU BEEN LISTENING TO A WORD--



CERTAINLY I HAVE-- AND WE *WILL* GO OUT TO DINNER--

JUST AS SOON AS WE FINISH OFF THIS LIGHT FELLA!



HARRY- YOU *CAN'T* GO! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF *KILLED*! ALL THOSE GUNS-- ALL THAT *KILLING*! IT'S A *BOY'S GAME*, HARRY--YOU'RE TOO *DAMN OLD* FOR IT!

NONSENSE, MARGO-- I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR *YEARS*! NEVER *STOPPED* EVEN WHEN THE MASTER WAS GONE--

REMIC ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMETIME...



HARRY-- IF YOU GO-- I-I'LL LEAVE!

GRACIOUS, MARGO-- THERE'S NO NEED FOR *THAT*--



--I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT!

AND NOW, *LIVE* FROM
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN...

IT'S THE T.G.I.J. CLUB,
WITH YOUR HOST,
REVEREND JEDIDIAH
FILCH!

THANK YOU,
DEAR FRIENDS--
THANK YOU.

Y'KNOW, A COUPLE
NIGHTS AGO I HAD A
DREAM. THE LORD
WAS SITTING IN A
HUGE DIRECTOR'S
CHAIR, WITH HIS
NAME STENCILLED
ON THE BACK...



AND THE LORD SAID TO ME,
"JED, IT'S TIME FOR A *CHANGE*.
THERE'S A *WAR* YOU AND YOUR
BROTHERS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING--

"--A WAR FOR THE *SOUL*
OF AMERICA. IT'S TIME THEY
CAME TOGETHER -- UNDER
ONE *GLORIOUS BANNER*--
TO FIGHT THE WAR TOGETHER."

AND I ASKED THE LORD--
HOW SHALL I *DO THIS*?
GIVE ME A *SIGN!*

AND DO YOU
KNOW WHAT THE
GOOD LORD
DID,
DEAR FRIENDS?

HE
SMILED
AT ME. A BIG,
GLORIOUS,
HOLY-OF-HOLIES
TOOTHY GRIN.

AND THE SUN
REFLECTED OFF
THE LORD'S PEARLY
WHITES, PRODUCING
A *GLINT* OF SUCH
INTENSITY AS I'D
NEVER BEFORE
SEEN.



IT WAS A SIGN,
DEAR FRIENDS-- A
SIGN FOR THE ONE
WHO WOULD *UNITE*
ALL OUR
DENOMINATIONS
AND LEAD US
IN OUR HOLY
CRUSADE.

LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN--
THAT MAN
IS READY
TO LEAD US
NOW!



TO DEMONSTRATE
OUR SUPPORT, ALL THE
MAJOR PRIME-TIME
ELECTRONIC MINISTRIES
HAVE VOLUNTEERED
TO SIMULCAST
THIS SHOW.

THEY JOIN ME IN
THIS GREAT OCCASION--
TO INTRODUCE YOU
TO THE MAN OF THE
MILLENNIUM...
THE LORD'S
FAVORITE
SON...

DEAR
FRIENDS...I
GIVE YOU--

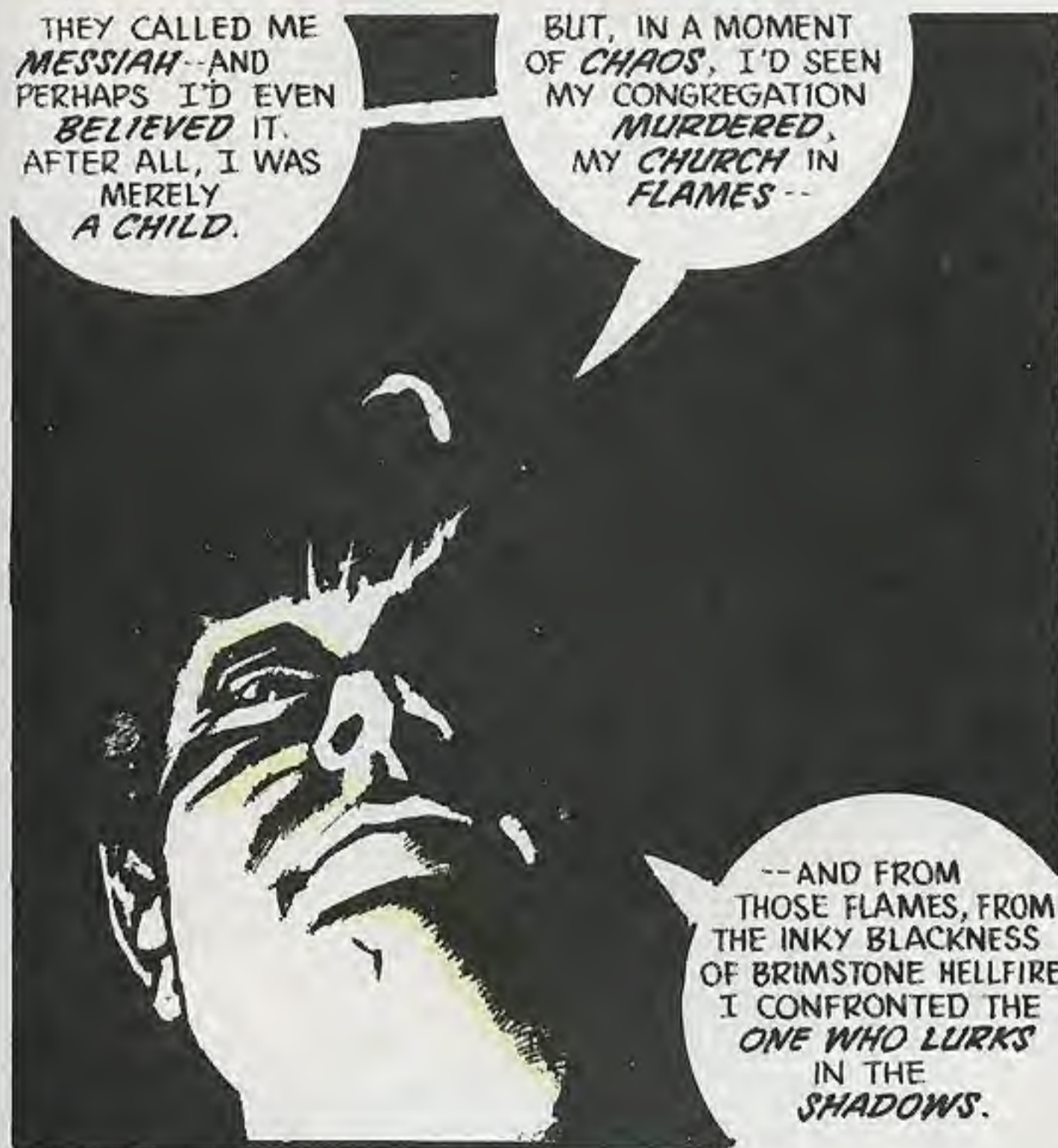
--THE
LIGHT!!



THEY CALLED ME
MESSIAH--AND
PERHAPS I'D EVEN
BELIEVED IT.
AFTER ALL, I WAS
MERELY
A CHILD.

BUT, IN A MOMENT
OF CHAOS, I'D SEEN
MY CONGREGATION
MURDERED,
MY CHURCH IN
FLAMES--

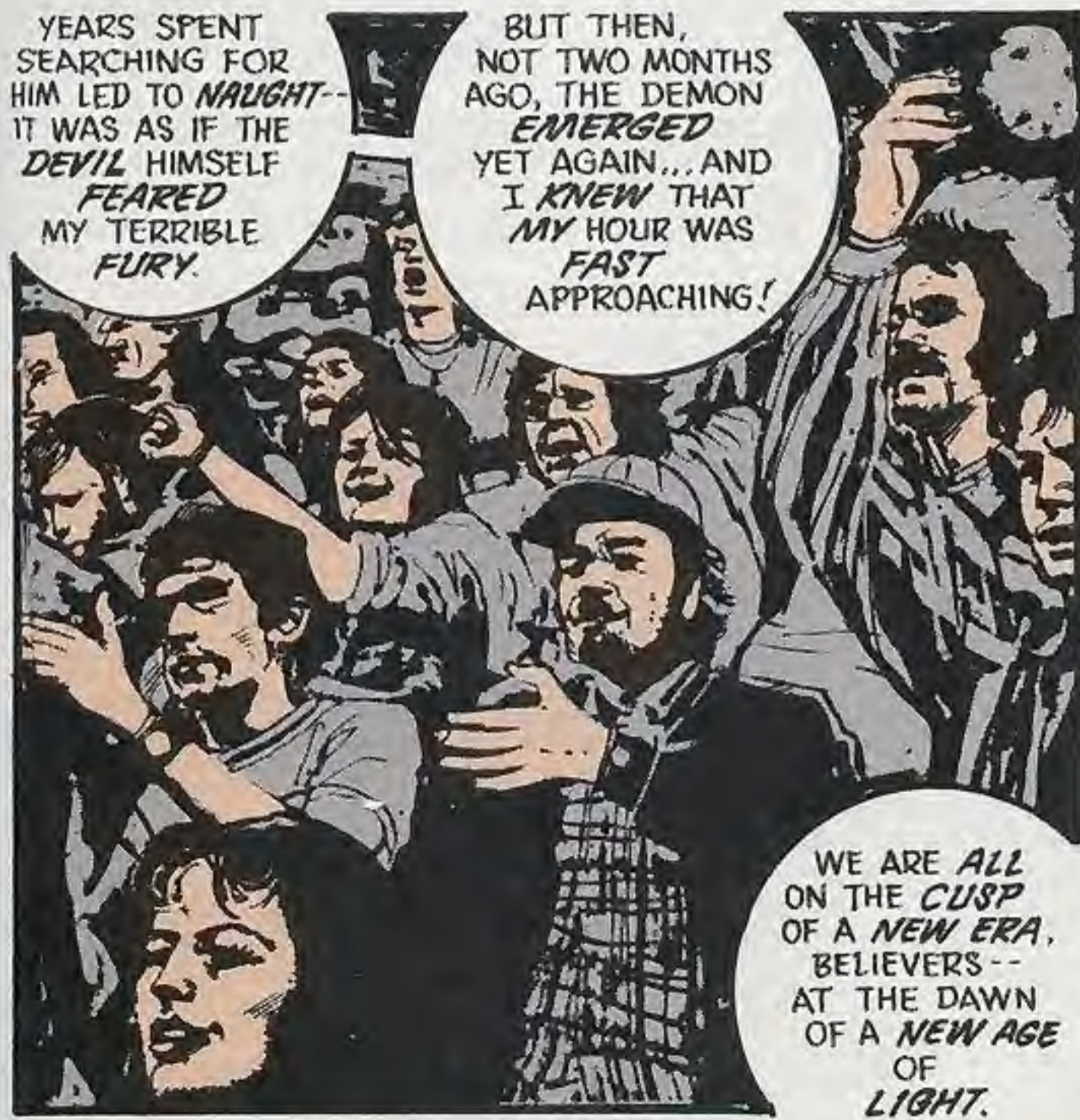
--AND FROM
THOSE FLAMES, FROM
THE INKY BLACKNESS
OF BRIMSTONE HELLFIRE,
I CONFRONTED THE
ONE WHO LURKS
IN THE
SHADOWS.



YEARS SPENT
SEARCHING FOR
HIM LED TO NAUGHT--
IT WAS AS IF THE
DEVIL HIMSELF
FEARED
MY TERRIBLE
FURY.

BUT THEN,
NOT TWO MONTHS
AGO, THE DEMON
EMERGED
YET AGAIN...AND
I KNEW THAT
MY HOUR WAS
FAST
APPROACHING!

WE ARE ALL
ON THE CUSP
OF A NEW ERA,
BELIEVERS--
AT THE DAWN
OF A NEW AGE
OF
LIGHT.



I COME TO YOU
TODAY, BELIEVERS, WITH
A CALL TO ACTION--
A CALL I WAS
FIRST MADE AWARE
OF ALMOST
FORTY YEARS
AGO.

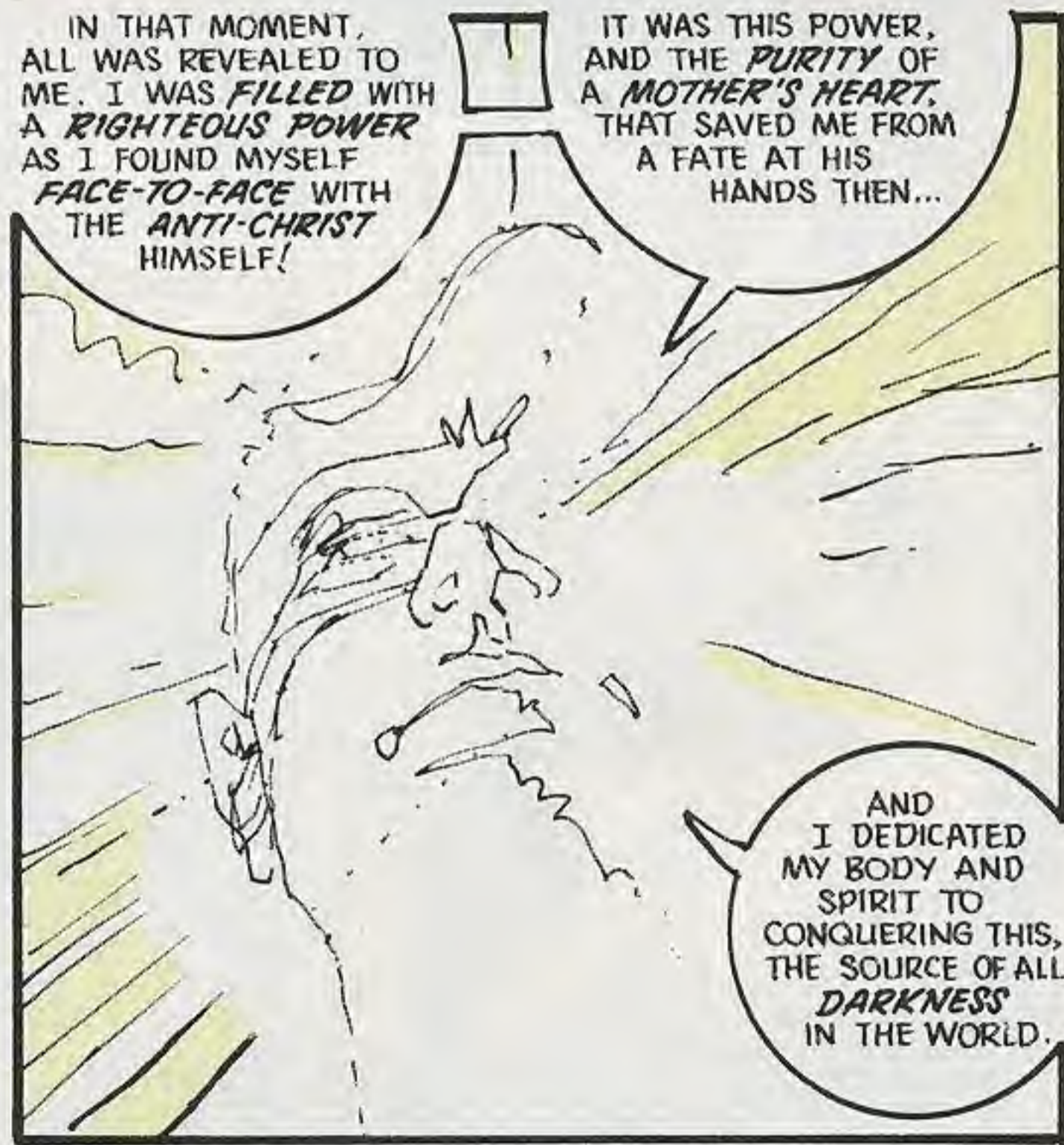
AS A CHILD,
MY RATHER
ALARMING APPEARANCE,
COUPLED WITH THE
STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES
OF MY BIRTH,
MADE ME THE SYMBOL
OF A FLEDGLING
RELIGION.



IN THAT MOMENT,
ALL WAS REVEALED TO
ME. I WAS FILLED WITH
A RIGHTEOUS POWER
AS I FOUND MYSELF
FACE-TO-FACE WITH
THE ANTI-CHRIST
HIMSELF!

IT WAS THIS POWER,
AND THE PURITY OF
A MOTHER'S HEART,
THAT SAVED ME FROM
A FATE AT HIS
HANDS THEN...

AND
I DEDICATED
MY BODY AND
SPIRIT TO
CONQUERING THIS,
THE SOURCE OF ALL
DARKNESS
IN THE WORLD.



BUT BEFORE
I CAN LEAD YOU
THROUGH THOSE
BRILLIANT GATES,
WE MUST ALL
DRIVE BACK THE
SHADOW OF THE
ANTI-CHRIST!



A comic book panel with a yellow background. A character with a large white ruff and a black suit is laughing hysterically, his head tilted back. Large, stylized, black text "HA HA HA HA" is written across the top, and "BLAM" is written on the right. A speech bubble from the right says: "THERE! THERE HE IS! HE HAS INVADED OUR VERY HOME!". In the bottom left corner, there are three small, stylized faces looking up.

PREPARE YE
NOW,
BELIEVERS--

--TRANSFORMED!

NOW--
GO!

--SO THAT
LIGHT MAY REIGN
SUPREME!



OF COURSE IT IS! BOARD'S LIGHTING UP LIKE CAMPY! THIS MUST BE THE ONE CONTROLLING OUR SATELLITE!

C'MON, C'MON-- CUNNIE THOSE NEEDLE NOSE PLIERS--

YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOIN', LEN--?



HONESTLY, MR. PEREZ-- DO I LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT TO YOU?

GEE, LEN-- I TRY NOT TO JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER, BUT--



JUST WATCH THIS--



DATA'S IT??

HECK YEAH, THAT'S IT -- SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MR. PEREZ-- BUT THIS ISN'T STAR WARS--



--THE DAMN SATELLITE'S WILES UP IN SPACE-- WHAT DID YOU EXPECT--



--TO HEAR THE EXPLOSION??--

THE TRANSMITTER--! SOMEONE MUST HAVE TAMPERED WITH IT FROM A REMOTE LOCATION!

BUT THEY ARE TOO LATE: THE JAGGER HAS ALREADY BEEN SLAYED. NOTHING SHALL HINDER MY DISCIPLES--

--UNTIL THE JAGGER HAS BEEN DESTROYED!



DAMN IT, MAX!
YOU *KNOW*
MY *TAIL* IS
ON THE LINE
THIS TIME--

--CAN'T YOU
GET TO THE
GARDEN
ANY
FASTER??!!

SORRY, SIR...
BUT THE *SYREN*
SEEMS TO BE
ON THE
FRITZ--



-- CAN'T JUST
SHOOT PAST
RED LIGHTS
WITHOUT
WARNING
OTHER
VEHICLES--

IT'S
AGAINST
REGULATIONS.
YOU
KNOW--

DON'T
START QUOTING
REGULATIONS
TO ME, YOUNG
MAN! I'VE
FORGOTTEN
MORE OF THEM
THAN YOU'LL
EVER--

-- WHAT
TH--??



SOME
CLOWN IN A
SHADOW OUTFIT--
WEARING
ROLLER SKATES,
TO
BOOT!

HURMMPPH!
MUST BE
ANOTHER ONE
OF THOSE
SHADOWMANIACS--
BUT
STILL...

--HE
LOOKS
AWFULLY
FAMILIAR...



I DON'T *KNOW*,
MAX--CAN'T PLACE
THE FACE-- BUT MY
KEEN INTUITION
TELLS ME I
KNOW
THAT MAN--

UH, SIR--
I THINK
YOU'D BETTER
HAVE A LOOK
THIS
WAY--

WHAT
IS IT
NOW,
MA--



YIEEEEEEE!!!!!!



THOUGH
MY *BROADCAST*
HAS BEEN
INTERRUPTED,
BROTHERS, THOUSANDS
OF OUR *HOME VIEWERS*
NOW ROAM THE STREETS,
ALL WITH A SINGLE
THOUGHT--

--FIND
THE SHADOW--
KILL
THE SHADOW--
AND DO IT
FOR THE *GLORY*
OF
THE LIGHT!

AH...
IF ONLY
MOTHER
COULD BE HERE
TO
BEAR WITNESS
TODAY...

... SHE
WOULD
BE...
ECSTATIC...

BUT
THIS IS NOT
THE TIME
TO *WAX*
NOSTALGIC...

COME,
MY PALADINS--
WE MUST
BE OFF!

I NEED
ADDRESS MY
LEGION OF NEW
BELIEVERS--AFTER
I WITNESS THE
SHADOW'S *FINAL*
DEFEAT AT
THEIR--

NO, *LIGHT*--
YOUR *MOMENT* HAS
COME AND GONE--

WHO--?

SURELY YOU MUST
REMEMBER-- THE FACE
OF *THE SHADOW*...

YOU??
THE
SHADOW??

NO!
YOU *CAN'T*
BE-- BE--
HUMAN!

I NEVER...
THOUGHT --NOT
FOR A *MOMENT*--
THE *DEMON* I
CONFRONTED...
WAS SO *REAL*...
SO *DARK*--

BUT *YOU*--
YOU'RE JUST
A *MAN*!!
YOU *CAN'T*
BE HIM--
YOU *CAN'T*!

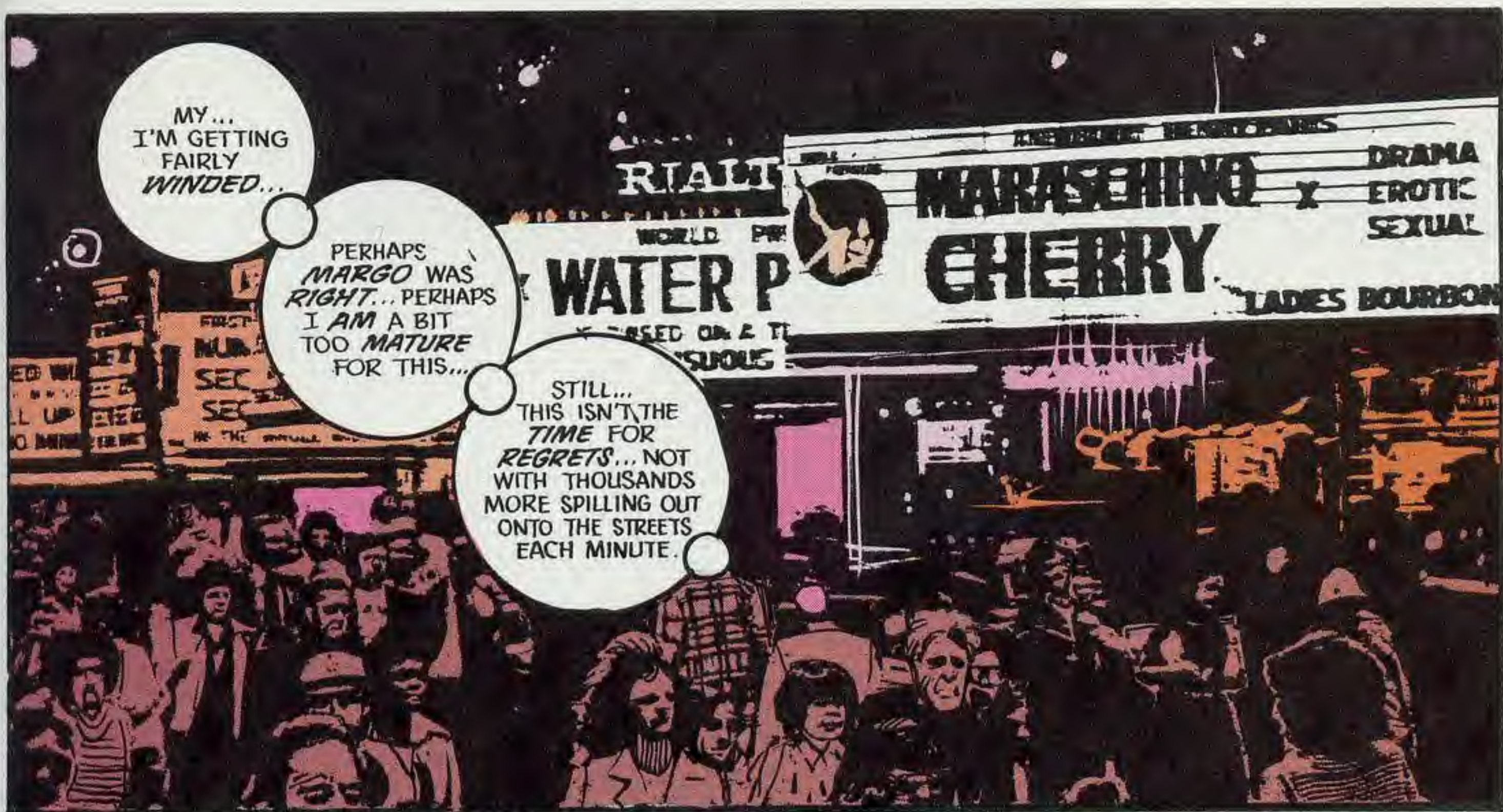
AND YET...
YOUR *EYES*...
YOUR *GAIT*...
THE TENOR OF
YOUR *VOICE*...
SEEM
FAMILIAR...
I--

--NO!!

I WON'T
LET YOU
BE HIM!!!

YOU HAVE
NO
CHOICE...



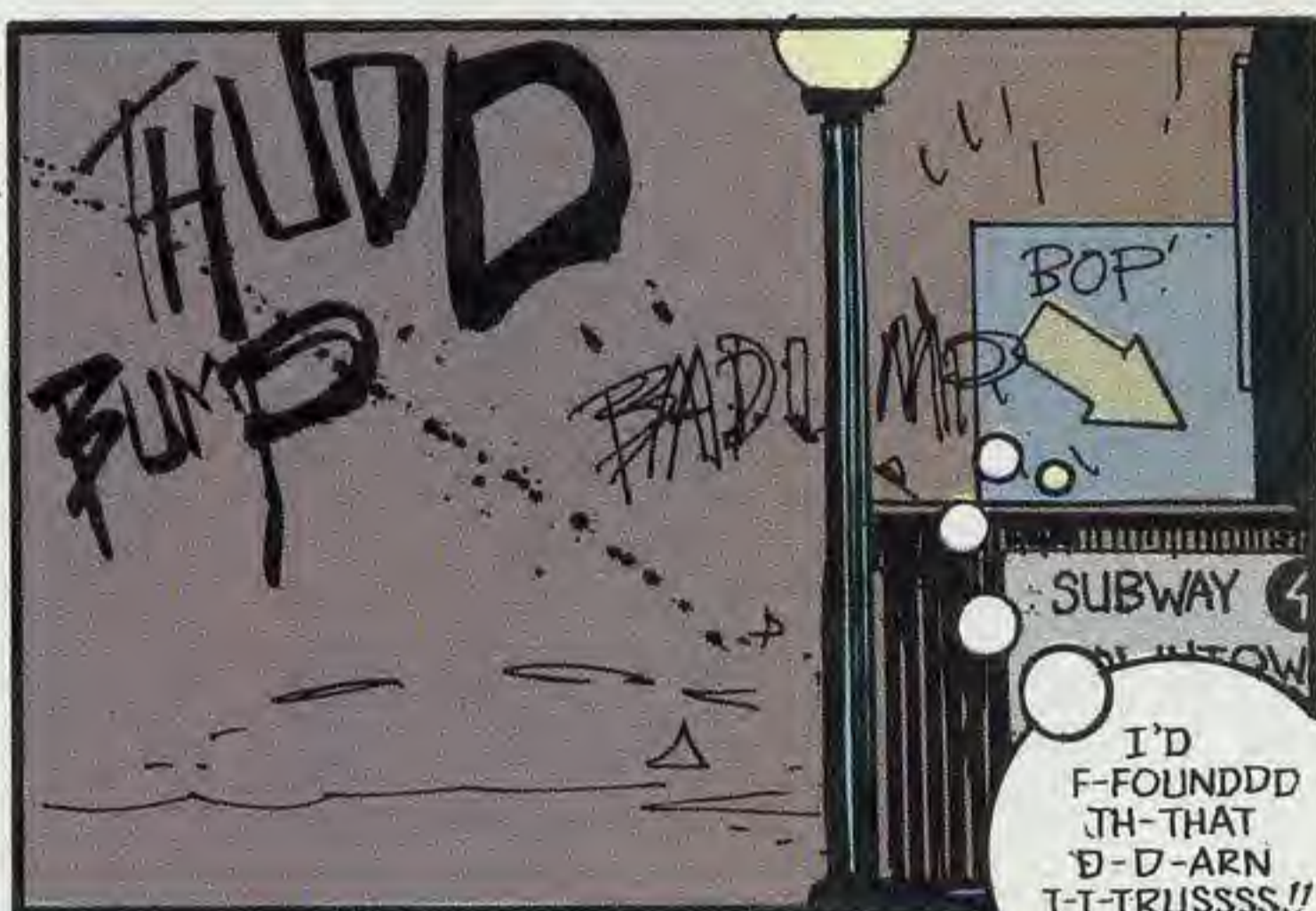
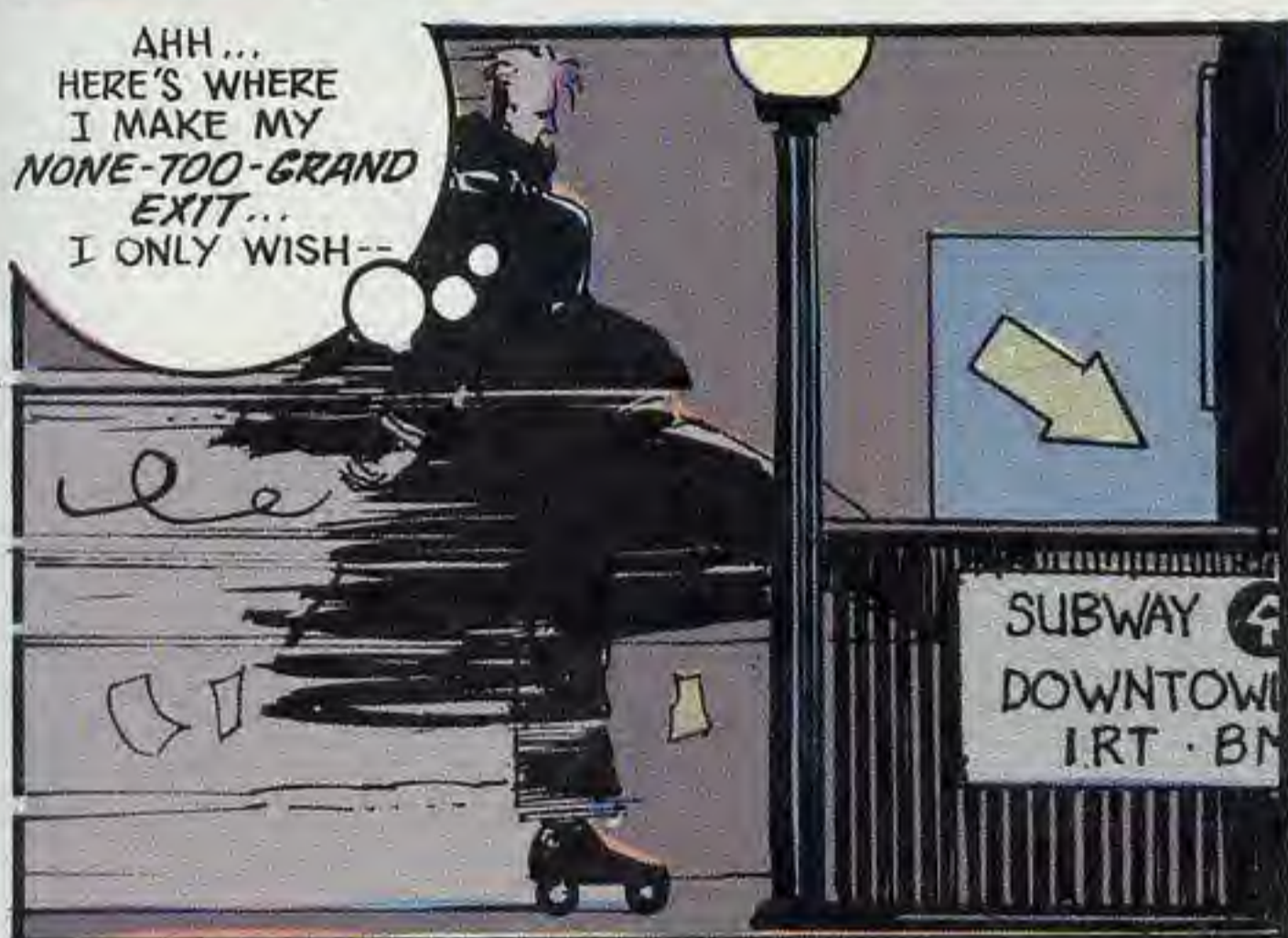


MY...
I'M GETTING
FAIRLY
WINDED...

PERHAPS
MARGO WAS
RIGHT... PERHAPS
I AM A BIT
TOO MATURE
FOR THIS...

STILL...
THIS ISN'T THE
TIME FOR
REGRETS... NOT
WITH THOUSANDS
MORE SPILLING OUT
ONTO THE STREETS
EACH MINUTE.

AHH...
HERE'S WHERE
I MAKE MY
NONE-TOO-GRAND
EXIT...
I ONLY WISH--



I'D
F-FOUNDDD
TH-THAT
D-D-ARN
T-T-TRUSSSS!!

OH, DEAR...
I CAN
HEAR THEM!
THEY'RE
CATCHING
UP!

IF I CAN
MAKE IT
TO THE MASTER'S
OLD ABANDONED
HEADQUARTERS,
I'LL BE
SAFE--

-- NO ONE
COULD EVER
FIND ME
THERE!



LET'S
SEE NOW...
IT WAS
THIS BRICK
HERE...

...WASN'T
IT--?

COME ON,
DAMMIT--
HURRY--



--ULP!!

OHMIGOD!
LOOK WHO--

HEY FELLAS!
CHEESE IT!

H-HOW?
TH-THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY
OUT-- AND HE'S
BLOCKING
IT!

I KNEW
HE WAS
GONNA
COME BACK,
ARNIE--

--AND NOW
HE'S GONNA
KILL US!!!



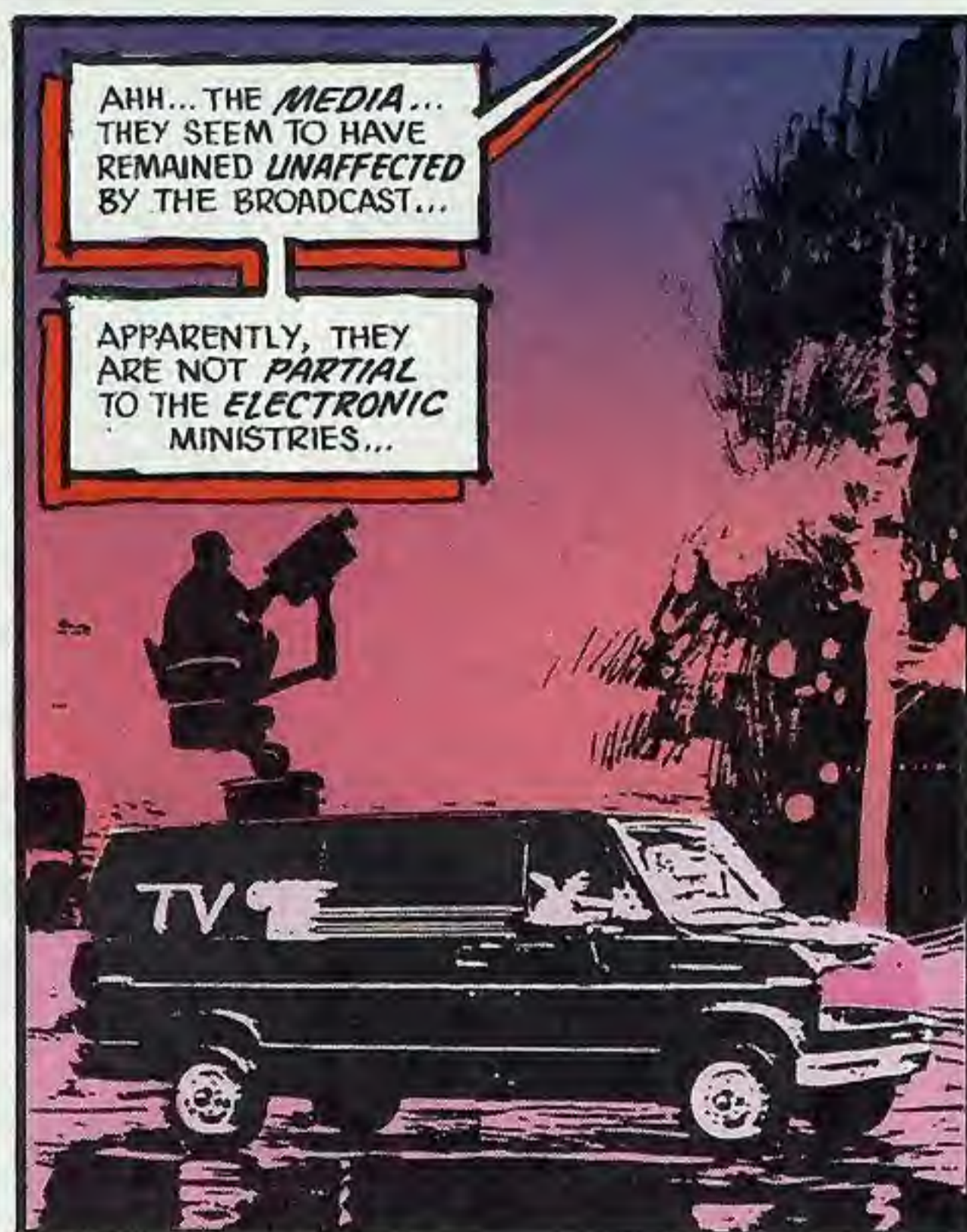
FATHER--
LOOK! I HAVE
NEVER SEEN
SO MANY
AMERICANS
AT ONCE--

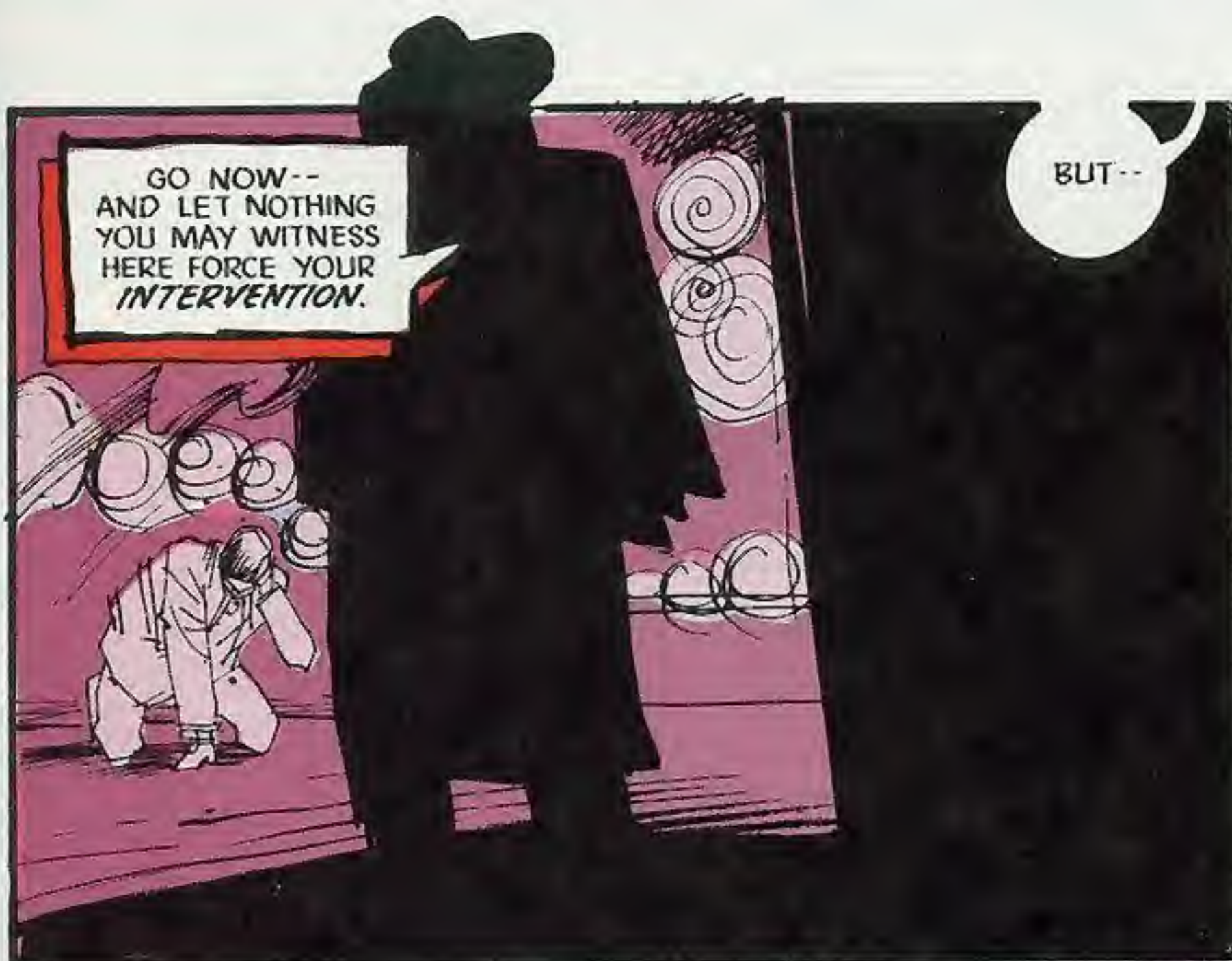
--EXCEPT,
PERHAPS,
AT THE
U2 CONCERT--

TRUE,
CHING--I
HAD ALMOST
FORGOTTEN--

SILENCE. THE CROWD
MILLS ABOUT AIMLESSLY.
THEIR "DIVINE MISSION"
HAS YET TO BE FULFILLED.

GOOD. IT MEANS
THAT *HARRY* HAS
ELUDED THEM. BUT
NOW *WE* MUST--





GO NOW--
AND LET NOTHING
YOU MAY WITNESS
HERE FORCE YOUR
INTERVENTION.

BUT--



YOU'VE *BOTH* DONE
ENOUGH FOR ONE
DA-- AGGGHHH...

FATHER--!

I SAID-- *GO!!*



GO ON--
DISPERSE!
DISPERSE!

MAX--
YOU STILL
WITH
ME--?

YES SIR--

WELL, THEN--
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS *CROWD!*
WHAT DO THEY
THINK THIS IS--
NEW YEAR'S
EVE?



OFFICER--
WHAT'S THE
SITUATION
HERE?

WELL, SIR--
CAN'T SAY FOR SURE...
THE *SHADOW'S* BEEN
UP THERE ON THAT
MOVIE MARQUEE
ABOUT TEN MINUTES
NOW... BROUGHT SOME
KIND OF *WHITE SACK*
OR SOMETHIN'
WITH 'IM...

WHICH
THEATER??



THAT ONE...

GOOD
LORD--!

HEAR ME,
FAITHFUL ONES!
THE *TIME* HAS
COME!

IN A MOMENT
OUR *NEW AGE*
BEGINS-- BUT
FIRST YOU MUST
COMPLETE ONE
FINAL ACT--

NOW
IS THE TIME
TO *SHOW* YOUR
ALLEGIANCE--
AND
DEMONSTRATE
YOUR LOVE!

NOW IS
THE TIME--





SO THIS IS
HOW IT *ENDS*,
EH? WHAT
COULD HAVE
POSSIBLY
DRIVEN
SO MANY
TO--

MAX --
THAT'S NOT
HIM.

MAX --
THAT'S NOT
THE SHAD--



QUIET,
SIR --
THEY MIGHT
HEAR YOU.

--MGGGFFHHH??!

WOULDN'T
WANT IT
TO START ALL
OVER AGAIN
NOW, WOULD
WE--?

NO, JOE --
WE *DEFINITELY*
WOULD *NOT* WANT
THAT...

YOU WON'T BE GETTING
ANY *CONFESSIONS*
FROM HIM, JOE -- BUT
THERE IS YOUR KILLER.

A *DELUDED* MADMAN
WITH ABILITIES
NOT UNLIKE MY OWN...

...TO CLOUD
MEN'S MINDS...
BEND
THEIR WILLS...

THERE IS MUCH
WE WILL NEVER
KNOW ABOUT
THE LIGHT,
JOE...

...BE CONTENT THAT,
IN THE END, HE HAS
PROVIDED YOU WITH
THE MEANS TO YOUR
VINDICATION.

BUT HOW
COULD HE GET--
I MEAN,
THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN
FORTY
THOUSAND
PEO--

BETTER
JUST SAY
THANK YOU,
SIR--

"--THE MAN'S HAD
A *ROUGH DAY*..."



--RECORDED THIS SHOCKING FOOTAGE OF THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT'S FINAL CONFRONTATION IN TIMES SQUARE...

...BUT WHILE OUR CAMERAS PLAINLY SHOWED THE LIGHT HEADING THE SHADOW TO HIS DEATH...

--THE VICTIM'S REMAINS WERE IDENTIFIED BY INSPECTOR JOSEPH CARDONA TO BE THOSE OF THE LIGHT--

--A RELIGIOUS FANATIC, CARDONA MAINTAINS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A BATTERY OF BIZARRE MURDERS IN THE AREA...

IN A PRESS CONFERENCE FOLLOWING A CITATION FOR HIS WORK ON THE CASE, CARDONA HAD THIS TO SAY...

...SOON I'D REALIZED HE'D SOMEHOW HYPNOTIZED ALL THOSE PEOPLE, I CONTACTED THE SHADOW--

--WERE GLOVE, YOU KNOW--

--AND WE PUT THE PLAN INTO ACTION TOGETHER, DESIGNED TO SNAP THE MAD HYPNOSIS...

I'D LIKE TO PERSONALLY THANK THE SHADOW FOR HIS EFFORTS, WITHOUT HIS HELP--

TWITCHMONTY. TURN IT OFF. I HAVE A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU...

WAIT-- JUST A SECOND-- HE'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GOOD PART--

--I WOULD HAVE HAD TO TAKE THAT LIGHT FELLA DOWN ALL BY MYSELF. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT DIFFICULT, AND YOU-- I'VE FIGHT SOMMER AND I'VE BEEN BEAT OUT OF IT. SEEING DEATH IS EASY. FIGHTING IT IS HARD.

SIGH.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THE WORLD, MASTER... AND THE GOOD THING IS... IT'S SAVING IS SO... CONVINCING...

I MEAN, I SAW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AND YET... I ALMOST BELIEVE HIM...

CHALK IT UP TO THE POWER OF THE MADNESS, I SUPPOSE.

SIGH... COMING, MASTERS...

TWITCH...

KRUNCH

BLAK

THE END

SHADOW MANIA

Well, that's it. The close of yet another chapter in the life of THE SHADOW ... and the end of The LIGHT. Contrary to many of the letters we've been receiving, THE SHADOW is NOT a mini-series—it's a monthly book, and we'll be back next month—probably in the very same comic shop rack you lifted this issue from. But, while writer Andrew Helfer and editor Mike Carlin will remain with the book—till only god knows when—this issue will be the last for artist Bill Sienkiewicz. Bill has decided to move on to a number of other projects that he'd temporarily put aside to make room for the Shadow. We here had known from the start that Bill had made a commitment to six issues—and we contoured the story to fit that commitment—but now that it's over, we must admit it's tough to see him go. He's gone a long way to shape and define the look of the book and the characters—and his contribution will be missed.

On the other hand, we've still got a few aces up our sleeves—starting with our very next issue. Next month, we'll be presenting the long-awaited Marshall Rogers pencilled "HAROLD GOES TO WASHINGTON." It's a simple tale really—about a twelve-year-old kid who plans to kill the President on a school trip to Washington D.C. Marshall really pulled out the stops for this one—it features all of the Rodgers trademarks: kids, dark foreboding men of mystery, and architecture like you wouldn't believe! And it's inked by one of OUR favorite new finds—Mr. Kyle Baker...

And speaking of Kyle—guess what? Come issue eight, Kyle will be the new regular penciller/inker of The Shadow! Kyle might be a new name to you guys out there, but once you see his work, you're not apt to forget it! We'll have a bit more on Kyle next month—and even more the month after THAT—but wait till then, okay? We just KNOW that once you see his artwork, you'll think he's the best thing to happen to The Shadow since ... well ... Bill Sienkiewicz!

And since this letter column has to be a bit short this month, to make room for a special advert for MILLENNIUM, DC's latest and greatest crossover mini-series we'll cut it short right now, and get on to the business at hand...

Dear Mike:

I was excited about the new SHADOW series because Bill Sienkiewicz is one of my favorite artists and Richmond Lewis one of my three favorite colorists. I've not been disappointed. Bill and Rich are doing some of their finest work here. No surprise.

No, to me the shocker is that Andy Helfer can write like this. Three dimensional characters (lots of them) and highly original events building to a climax. But already (as of issue #3) quite a few sub-plots developing for the next story. What other writing has Andy done, and why isn't he doing more? I know he's a good editor as I read the new JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL book and love it, but THE SHADOW really knocks me off my feet!

Keep it up!

Charlie Harris

2657 N. Mountain

Tucson, AZ 85719

(Andy hasn't done much in the way of comics writing, so a complete checklist won't be hard to compile—for you completists out there, here it is: A mystery story for UNEXPECTED (Andy doesn't remember what issue—or the title for that matter—but it concerns a party of tiny alien explorers who get trapped in a roach motel); ROBOTECH DEFENDERS #1-2 (both of which he HATES to be reminded of); scripts for ATARI FORCE #8 and #12, and Pakrat backups in issues #15-17; the plot for "Dart's Story" in ATARI FORCE annual #1; DEADMAN mini-series #1-4; Deadman SECRET ORIGIN; Creeper SECRET ORIGIN; and finally, THE SHADOW. If there's anything Andy's forgotten to mention ... it's probably BETTER that way...)

Mr. Helfer,

The new Shadow portrayed in the stories you are writing is the most revolting character to ever have his own comic. A story where the "hero" goes around killing anybody who breaks the law is dumb. If the Shadow was around in the real world, he would be a criminal, who I would want stopped. Nobody should have the right to kill law-breakers on the spot. Everybody deserves a fair trial as it says in the Constitution, no matter what crimes they commit. Since the Shadow is violating a criminal's right to a fair trial, maybe he should blow himself away.

All elements of an interesting and creative story are missing from the comic (other than Bill Sienkiewicz's art). Anybody could write a comic about a guy who goes around killing criminals, and I don't understand how anyone could like this comic.

Jeff LeVine

6419 Topeka Drive

Reseda, CA 91335

(First off, Jeff—WE didn't create the Shadow and his modus operandi—Walter Gibson did, more than fifty years ago—and his rationale was the same

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666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103

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then as it is today. The Shadow has no use for "THE LAW"—the code he operates on is based on his personal sense of JUSTICE—and the manner in which he acts on it today is no different than it was fifty years ago. The Shadow, to the best of our knowledge, was the first of the so-called urban Vigilantes—the violence with which he overcomes his enemies is well established. He has no codes of "Fair Play." He fights fire with fire ... violence with violence. If you can't deal with that ... don't.

As for anybody writing a comic like this one—go for it. We'll be watching.)

Dear Sirs,

I congratulate you on your decision to produce one of the greater comic feats of the eighties. Ever since I read about THE SHADOW in a mini-series, I have been very interested in the character. Often hearing the phrase "The Shadow Knows..." as a young boy, the curiosity was aroused. I loved Howard Chaykin's stories, and I now anxiously await the next masterwork from Helfer, Sienkiewicz, Lappan, and Lewis.

Bill's unusual and "jazzed" artwork suits the book so well that I think there is a possibility that it is his best work. I had previously been unfamiliar with Andrew Helfer, but now I regard him as a very imaginative writer. Bob Lappan deserves far more credit than he is given. He stands as the best letterer around to me, along with older John Workman genius. And Richmond Lewis adds the tone without which the book could not function.

Again, I say that we now have a true comic book, not cliched mind-dribble that we must often face. As consumers of the comics, readers deserve more than we are offered. Thank you, gentlemen, for keeping me entertained. I only pray that when Mr. Sienkiewicz leaves, you will find a fantastic replacement (perhaps Mark Badger of American Flagg and the Gargoyle mini-series).

Matt Southworth

1213 Hood Drive

Brentwood, TN 37027

(We've already talked to Mister Badger about doing some fill-in work on the Shadow, and he's willing and able—but first, he's got to complete the MARTIAN MANHUNTER mini-series he's working on, with JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL (and Flagg! and Gargoyle) scripter J.M. DeMatteis. Soon as THAT'S done ... well, who knows!?)

NEXT ISSUE: We think we've plugged this one enough already. Don't you?

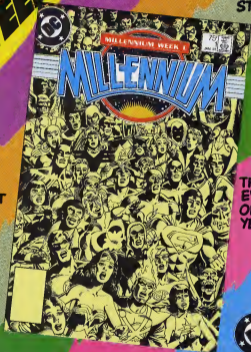
—Andy Helfer

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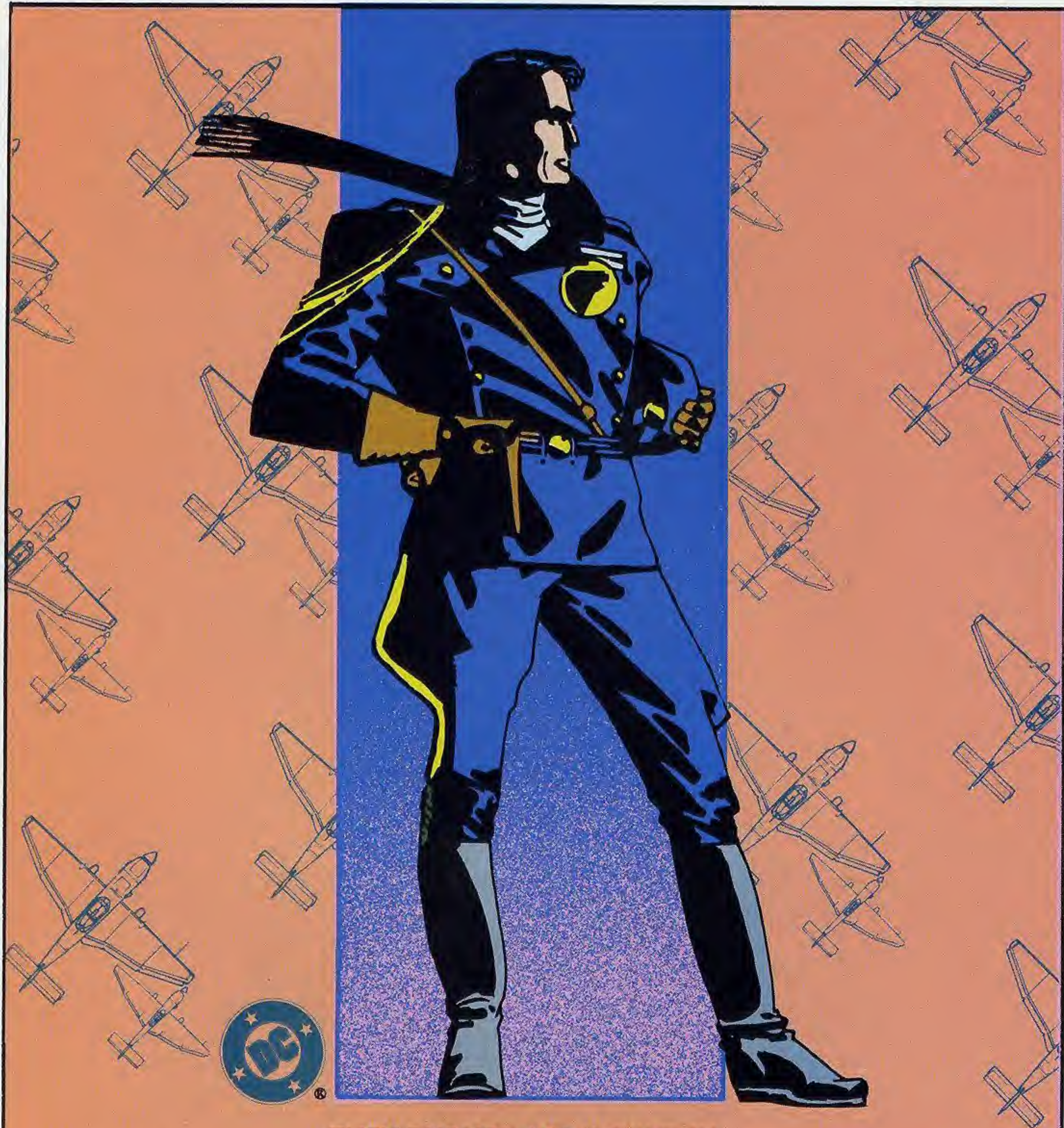
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